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SEPTEMBER 21, 1984

John McLaughlin says
We're All Patriots Again
—See page 24

NATIONAL REVIEW

BACK TO SCHOOL

Lest We Forget:

A STUDENT'S GUIDE TO MEANINGFUL DIALOGUE

...eph Sobran & Tom Bethell

...ators. Threatened ...extinction.

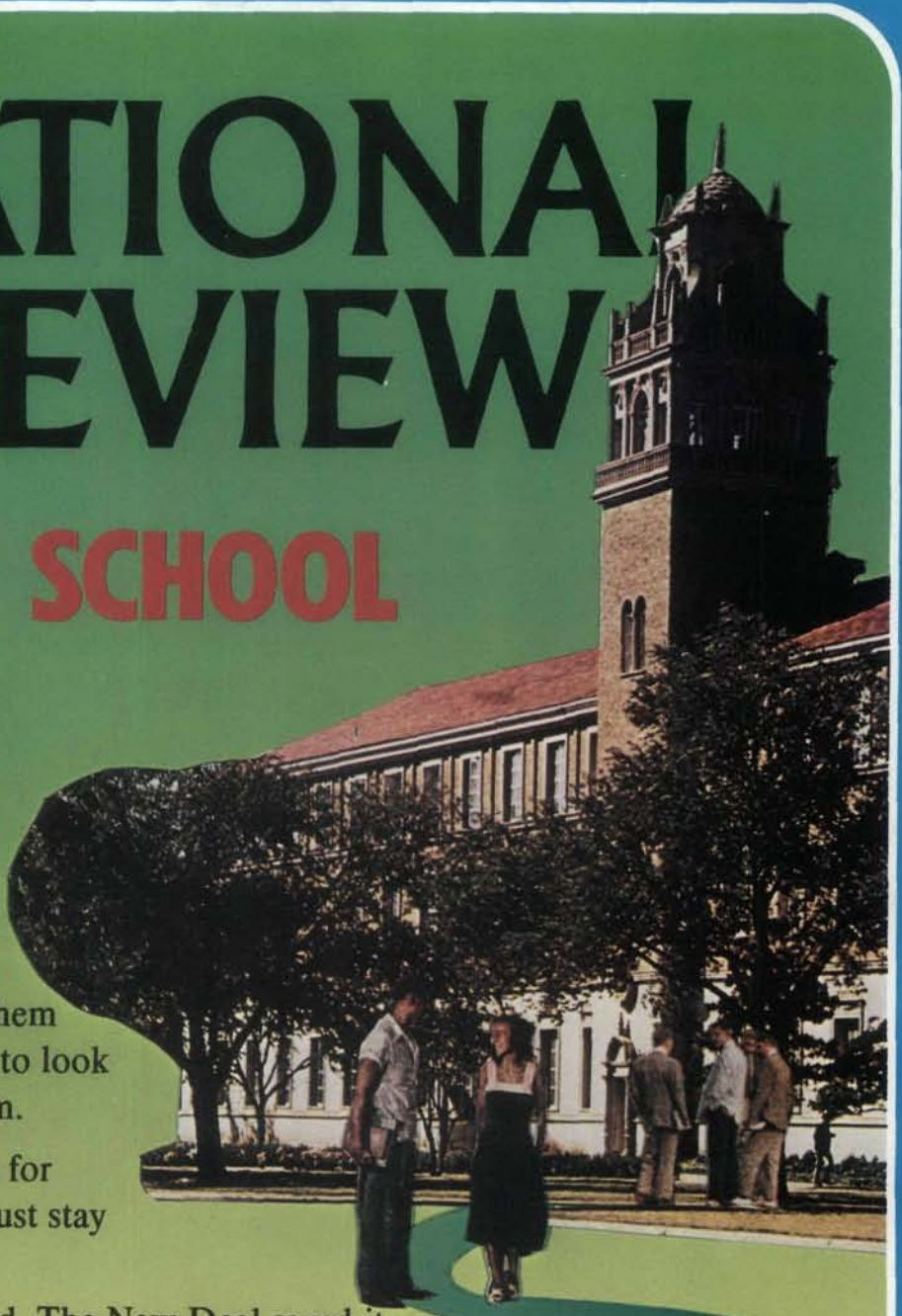
... What people do in them ...r own business. Silly to look ...ommunists under them.

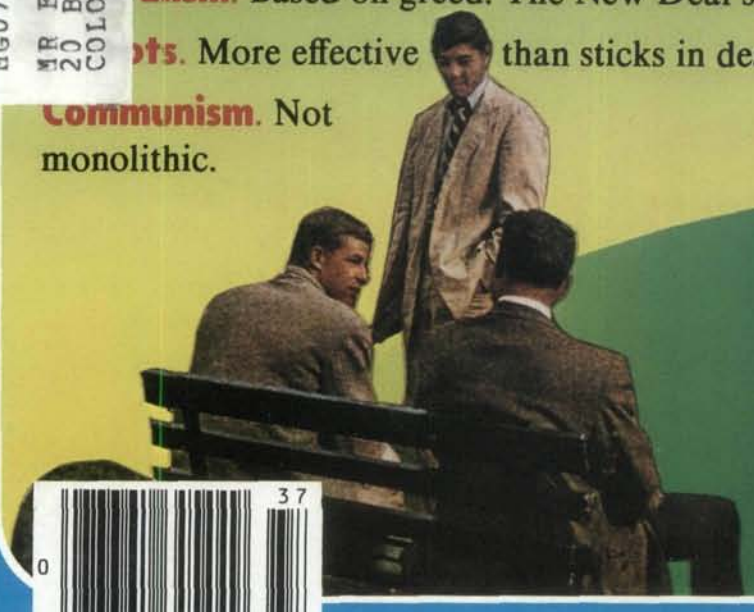
...ps. Should speak out for ... and social justice. Must stay ...f politics.

...alism. Based on greed. The New Deal saved it.

...ts. More effective ... than sticks in dealing with Soviets.

...Communism. Not monolithic.





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Cover design by Colleen Lawlor
Collage by Marc Yankus

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1984. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

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LETTERS

Brownout

Edward J. Erler's article on the *Brown* decision ["*Brown* v. *Board of Education* at Thirty," Sept. 7] was especially enlightening to those of us whose main source of information about that decision was high-school history textbooks. I always did know (though not from the textbooks) that there was something suspicious about the decision. But I certainly did not realize that it *accepted* the logic of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*. It is frightening to think that the Court could convert our society into one based on racial-class distinctions. And it is more frightening to consider the power that nine non-elected officials have taken it upon themselves to wield over us.

It was refreshing, then, to turn to John McLaughlin's column ["From Washington Straight"] and consider the possibility of a rescue. Many liberals seem to assume that conservatives are hoping for a Court that will enforce our policies—and they are naturally frightened at the thought of their ideological enemies holding so much power. I wonder whether they stop to think that liberalism gave the Court all that power in the first place. In fact, I hope that a conservative Court will *decrease* its own power to form policy. And it would be nice if it would, once and for all, overrule *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*.

Margaret Speer
Providence, R.I.

Whose Assault?

As an ex-liberal led to conservatism in large part by *NR* and its contributors' ability to reason from premises, I was disappointed and disturbed by Ralph de Toledano's article "The Homosexual Assault" [Aug. 10]. The tone of the article, set in the opening question—"Should homosexuals be keel-hauled?"—induces not thought but disgust.

The reader's revulsion is only deepened by the succeeding two paragraphs, which associate homosexual practices with incest and child abuse: *en passant* only, as Mr. Toledano knows well that these analogies, if fully stated, would not hold up. Why *should* conservatives oppose the "seductive" argument that it is neither feasible nor desirable for government to police the sexual arrangements of consenting adults? "Consenting adults" may be a much-abused liberal cliché, but it stands for a very real distinction in the law.

Some specific points:

1. As the entire difference between the homosexual and the heterosexual lies in the fact that the former commits homosexual acts, it is in fact as well as in law impossible to distinguish between "men who stray" and exclusive homosexuals.

2. The latter "pose a threat to the survival of the human race." If homosexuality were that tempting, the human race would have perished long since. Whatever portion of the population subscribes to this practice (and I have seen no cogent argument to challenge Kinsey's 10 per cent), homosexuals have been around a long time, usually in numbers sufficient to meet their own demands.

3. Mr. Toledano might have benefited from the greater sense of the author of the editorial "The Scene" in the same issue: "Many live normal lives outside the bedroom." That is, they have neither the time to "ceaselessly cruise" nor the inclination to "destabilize and corrupt" the world we all live in.

The society that most clearly enforces the implications of Mr. Toledano's column is of course Castro's Cuba, where thousands of homosexuals have been imprisoned and tortured. Does that tell us anything?

Name Withheld

Ralph de Toledano says that a great concern about the homosexual is that he "ceaselessly 'cruises' in search of the uncertain or dabbling hetero." It is worse than that. Homosexuals and lesbians can use quite sophisticated manipulative tactics to draw others into their group.

Befriending the lonely and vulnerable, homosexuals and lesbians guide their victims to a deep "realization" that their normal feelings were indications of innate homosexuality. The "truth" is then admitted and the victim is devastated. But despair turns to joy as he finds total acceptance in his new community.

And what a large community it is! Anyone who spends some time in San Francisco cannot help but be astounded at the number of gay men and women there. There simply cannot be that many "real" homosexuals in the world. Obviously something else is going on. I'll bet only a very small percentage of the

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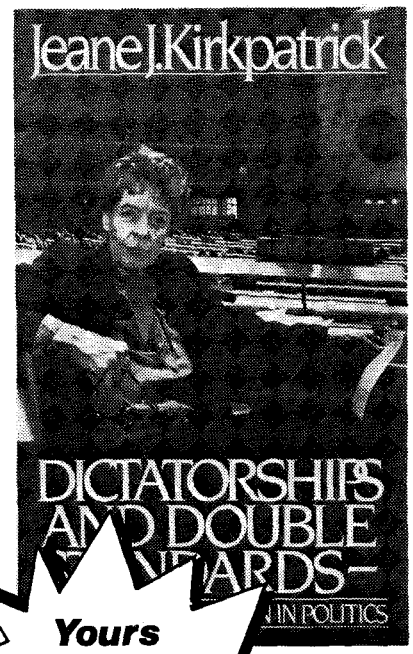

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- "The failure of the Carter administration's foreign policy is now clear to everyone except its architects, and even they must entertain private doubts from time to time about a policy whose crowning achievement was to lay the groundwork for a transfer of the Panama Canal."
- "Assisting 'change' did not lead the Carter administration to undertake the destabilization of a *Communist* country. The principles of self-determination and nonintervention are thus both selectively applied. We accepted the status quo in Communist nations (in the name of 'diversity' and national autonomy), but not in nations ruled by 'right wing' dictators or white oligarchies."

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gay population could be considered biologically homosexual. The rest are in desperate need of rescue.

Barbara Pretz
Kansas City, Kan.

Belated Recognition

Tom Bethell states [April 20] that "David Ranson of H. C. Wainwright & Co. . . . does not know of any formal study of the relationship between higher taxes and inflation." The Australian economist Colin Clark made such a study when at Oxford some thirty years ago, the broad thrust of which was that when the level of taxation exceeded 25 per cent of GNP (GDP?), inflation followed.

Clark discussed his theory with Keynes, with whom he worked, and Keynes was in broad agreement with it, which agreement, as I recollect it, he put in writing to Clark. When we started to exceed this level of taxation, Clark wrote some interesting articles, but he has had no recent recognition of his Cassandra role, with the rate now 42 per cent and inflation 10 per cent (down from 18 per cent) here in Australia.

Ernest Whiting
East Malvern, Victoria

Music to Our Ears

It's unfortunate that NATIONAL REVIEW ["Pop Music Shift," "The Week," Aug. 10] chose to place The Who among those rock bands allegedly spouting leftist rhetoric. In fact, The Who stood in defiance of the radicals. To me, the highlight of the Sixties was at the Woodstock Festival when Yippie leader Abbie Hoffman leaped onto the stage to protest some matter. He interrupted The Who's show and Who leader Pete Townshend knocked him off the stage. A wounded Abbie ran off, screaming obscenities, and wasn't seen for weeks.

Townshend's songs have been anything but "leftist anthems." *Tommy* was anti-drug long before Townshend's confreres outgrew their hallucinogenic fixations. *Who's Next* opens and closes with songs describing the "teenage wasteland" left in the wake of the hippie "revolution." While most bands were screaming for "Revolution!" Townshend was saying, "All revolutions, even the necessary ones, are betrayals because they equalize without recognizing other people's aspirations." Townshend was one of the first insiders to point out the conformity of the Sixties generation and how the hippies paralleled the Establishment that they so hated ("*Meet the new boss / Same as the old boss*").

Townshend has always believed in honesty, individualism, common sense, and God, *not* herd-consciousness. These beliefs place him far above most rockers. Just because a few more artists have come to the same beliefs is no reason to castigate The Who or their music.

Steve Angelotti
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Our writer informs us that while Pete Townshend adopts conservative positions on many specific issues (including the deployment of SS-20s in Europe) he still considers himself a socialist and advocates a peculiar brand of "creeping communism." —LW

Thought you would be interested in noting an even more "conservative rocker"—Sammy Hagar.

Hagar describes his music as "pretty belligerent, very pro-American and very anti-Russian." He believes that his music should give "Russia the feeling that America is unified," and that the youth of America is "gonna stand behind this country and live and die by the American way."

Hagar says that his "patriotism" was sparked by that "Ayatollah thing"—referring to Jimmy Carter as a "wimp" who displayed the kind of "weakness" that would allow the Soviets to "come over and take us." Sammy Hagar is one rocker who is leading the youth of America behind the rallying call of "We ain't gonna take this—we don't want to live like the Russians!"

Rock lyrics have come a long way from "I can't get no satisfaction."

John L. Donovan
Fresno, Calif.

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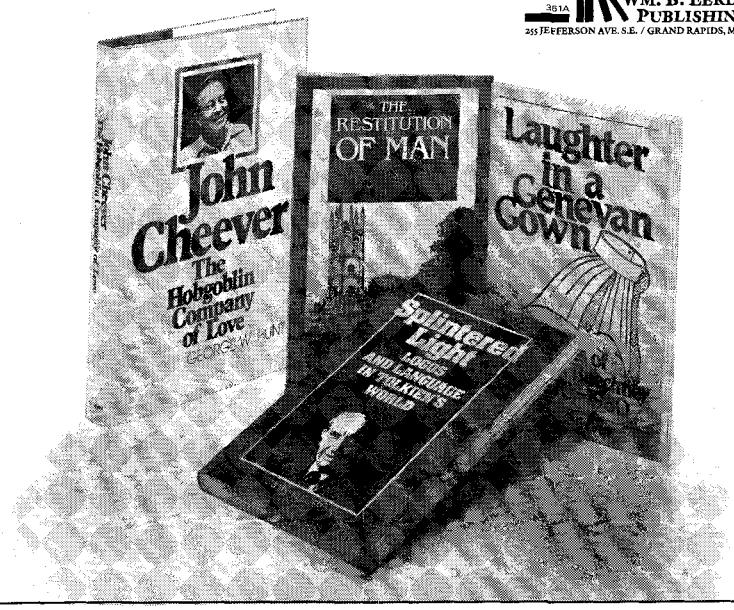

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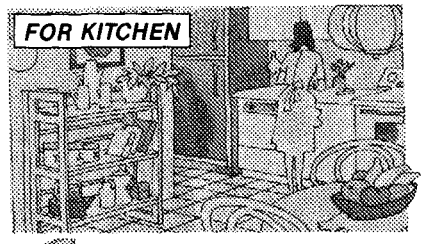

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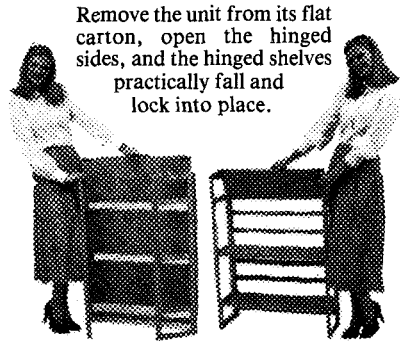

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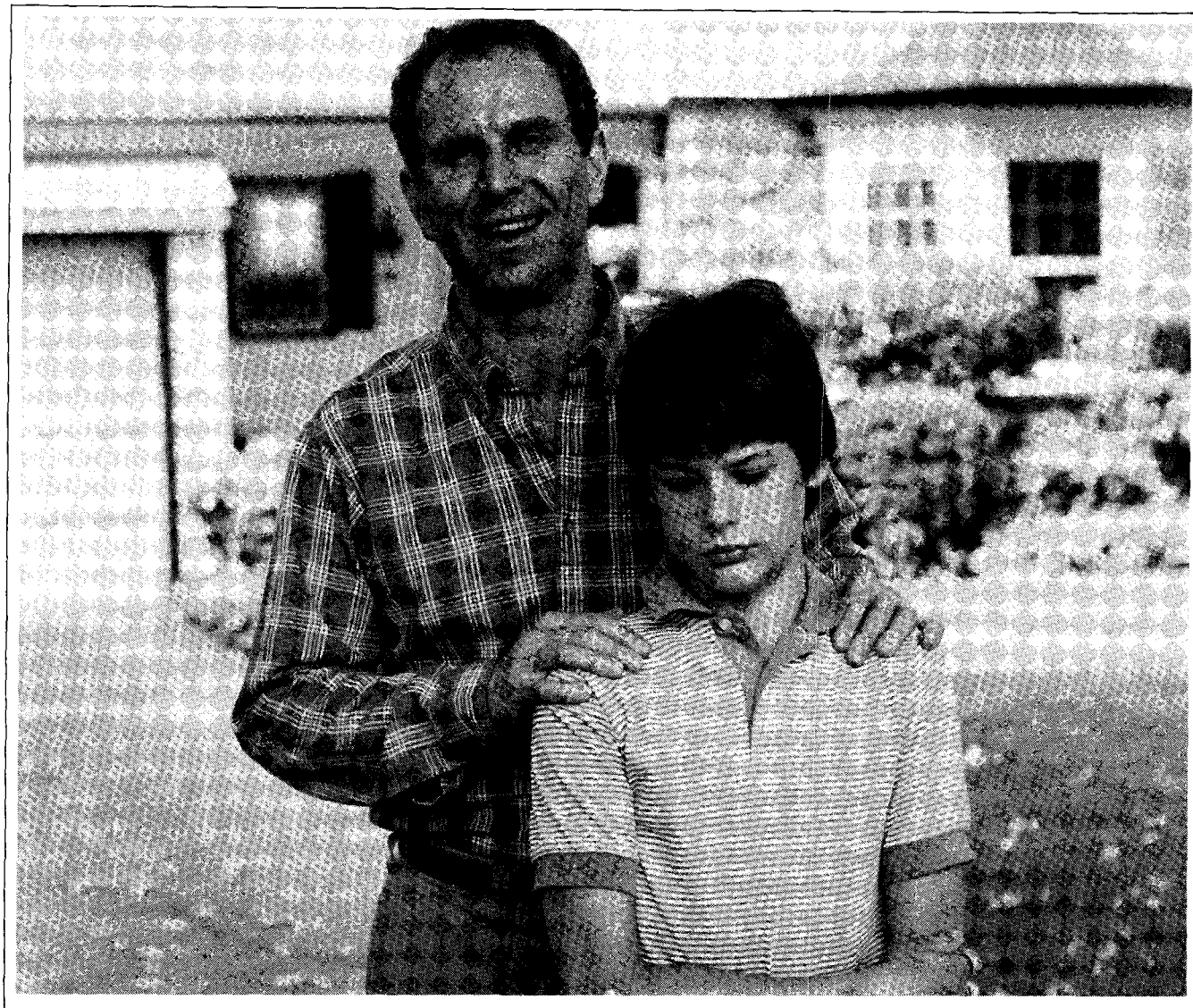

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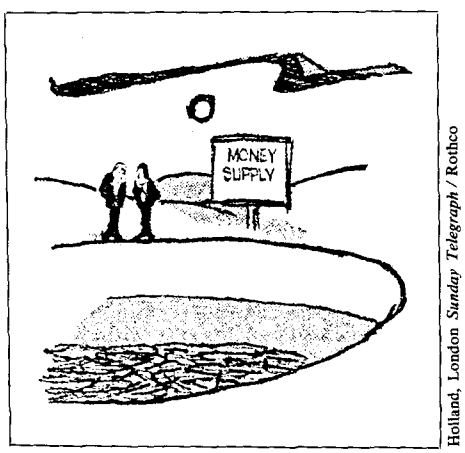
FOR THE RECORD

If you have tears, **Walter Mondale**, prepare to shed them now. Devastating series of NBC News polls summing up campaign to date finds that from Iowa caucuses to Super Tuesday, Mondale managed to increase his constituency not at all. (Neither, incidentally, did **Gary Hart** or **Jesse Jackson**.) Mondale started and ended with older people, union households, blue-collars—and things have gone downhill since. Just before Mondale named **Geraldine Ferraro** as running-mate, 74 per cent thought Republicans would win in November; a month later, but before the more devastating Ferraro-**Zaccaro** revelations, 72 per cent still thought GOP would win. . . . Reagan does suffer from a gender gap—although he leads Mondale among women by 13 points (52 to 39 per cent)—but it's because his showing is so very high among men, 64 per cent of whom now plan to vote for him, as against 30 per cent for Mondale. . . . Only on question "Who will be better able to achieve nuclear disarmament?" does Mondale beat the President, and only by two points. On question "Who would be better able to keep the country out of war?" it's Reagan by three points. . . . Meanwhile, in mid-August, President's approval rating went up to 55 per cent, his highest showing since August 1981. . . . And a recent **Gallup** indicates 49 per cent think the GOP would do a better job of keeping the country prosperous, while 36 per cent think the Democratic Party would. The Republicans have not held such a lead on this question since it was first posed before **Ike**'s first term, back in 1951.

Columnist **George Will** disputes his colleagues on significance of Dallas. "In the last ten years," he writes, "the GOP has become as formidable a party as America has ever had. It now possesses the sinews of action (a technology for raising money) and a core of animating thought. The thought has been primary, the money secondary. People spend for a faith." . . . **Jerry Falwell** said at Dallas that Moral Majority would spend $12 million to register 2.5 million new conservative voters, 95 per cent of whom he estimates will vote Republican in November. . . . By Dallas week, the Democrats had raised $13.3 million, the Republicans $76 million, according to FEC. . . . Liberal columnist **Ellen Goodman** was astonished at generosity of Republican delegates toward Geraldine Ferraro after her lengthy press conference. They came in with "a surprising verdict," she reports, "Christians 10, Lions 1." (The Lions being the press.) . . . **Bob Hope** was his irresistible best at **Nelson Bunker Hunt** barbecue: "This is a big spread, Nelson, I mean it's a big spread. It has 72 electoral votes." Hope also commented that the President looked well rested. "He's been attending a lot of Cabinet meetings."

John Anderson's endorsement of Walter Mondale, says **Mary McGrory**, was brokered by that old ADA warhorse **Joseph L. Rauh Jr.** Anderson says he'll be sending out a mailing to the 12,000 names on his National Unity Party list and that he'll campaign actively for Mondale. . . . **James Lake**, Reagan campaign press secretary, seems unconcerned about Anderson's move because, he explains, this time around there are very few disaffected Republicans. (Which is borne out by that same NBC poll, which found that 93 per cent of Republicans are planning to vote for Reagan Nov. 6.) . . . According to Mary McGrory, a Mondale spokesman was not overly enthusiastic about Anderson endorsement. "The people who will be swayed by Anderson will be with Mondale anyway," he commented.



Holland, London *Sunday Telegraph* / Rothco

"It's gratifyingly low."

Two months ago, Sen. **Richard Lugar**, chairman of Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, felt GOP might lose two or three seats in November. Now he thinks it will be a wash. Reason: Three endangered Republican senators, **Gordon Humphrey** (N.H.), **Thad Cochran** (Miss.), and **Rudy Boschwitz** (Minn.), are now leading their opponents by 15, 14, and 14 points, respectively. Lugar thinks **Albert Gore Jr.** will pick up **Howard Baker**'s seat in Tennessee, and he lists **Percy** (Ill.), **Jepsen** (Iowa), and **Helms** (N.C.) as too close to call. . . . *Chicago Sun-Times* poll, incidentally, shows Rep. **Paul Simon** now within five points of Percy (50 to 45 per cent). . . . For the record, election contests in the South this year will feature four former Democrats running as Republicans: **Phil Gramm**, in Texas, for **John Tower**'s seat, and Reps. **Lois Eargle** (S.C.), **James T. Waggoner** (Ala.), and **Andy Ireland** (Fla.). . . . Other races of interest: Wisconsin's 7th CD, where **Mark Michaelson**, of Hillsdale, meets **Lee Hunt** in Sept. 11 primary. Winner has privilege of taking on Rep. **David Obey** (ADA 100), signer of the recent, sycophantic "Dear Comandante" letter to the Nicaraguan junta. . . . And California's 36th CD, where conservative **John Paul Stark** is waging third battle in six years against incumbent liberal peacenik **George Brown**.

Citizens for Reagan is having a bit of fun with a fairly typical and lugubrious NBC Nightly News story: "One of the painful side-effects of unemployment in many areas," commented the anchor, "was a significant increase in cases of wife-beating."

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THE WEEK

☐ Walter Mondale's only hope now is that Ronald Reagan can somehow be linked to John Zaccaro.

☐ They say Gerry was a tough prosecutor in Queens. That may explain why John does business in Manhattan.

☐ The stock market is booming, auto and machine-tool orders are soaring, productivity is on the rise, and we have here some nice fresh statistics for those who still need reassurance about the health of the U.S. economy. Our GNP is growing at a rate of 7.6 per cent a year; that's much faster than Japan's (5.3 per cent) or Western Europe's (2 to 4 per cent) and second only to Australia's, among industrialized countries. Inflation in the U.S., as measured by wholesale prices in the last year, has fallen below even the level in Switzerland (2.6 *v.* 3.1 per cent). Only Japan is doing better. (By way of comparison: France 14.5, Australia 4.8.) Faster growth than Japan and lower inflation than Switzerland—for the first time in recent memory Americans have no reason to want to swap economic statistics with any other nation.

☐ The veteran columnist Victor Riesel, whose specialty is the labor beat, notes a curious fact: The Communist ticket this year, Gus and Angela, is running exclusively against Reagan and the Republicans, with hardly a mention of Fritz and Gerry. Apparently the Democrats have graduated from social fascism and now qualify as "objectively progressive." We couldn't agree more.

☐ Walter Mondale, who has turned the phrase "gift of speech" into an oxymoron, continues to worry Democratic allies with his tub-stubbing orations. One guest scholar at the Brookings Institution estimated that, when on the offensive, Mondale makes between 15 and twenty promises per thousand words of speech-making. Assuming six speeches a day of 2,500 words each, that's about 15,300 promises between now and election day. And if you were to lay all those promises end to end you still wouldn't reach any solutions. Maybe it's his wanton passion for promises that accounts for Mondale's uncharismatic stage-absence. The wags say he can't even get automatic doors to open when he walks up to them.

☐ Like the dog that did not bark in the Sherlock Holmes story, the fact that we have not had a postal-workers strike points to something big. The skeleton at the union's deliberations is named PATCO, the defunct air-traffic controllers' union, whose striking members Reagan fired three years ago. That gives credibility to Postmaster General William Bolger's threat to fire the postal workers if they pull an illegal strike against the government. But then, no doubt the union would be set back by the predictable public reaction to a postal strike: How can you tell?

☐ The Federal Election Commission is dragging its feet on complaints that organized labor has illegally subsidized Walter Mondale's presidential campaign. Having failed to act within the required 120-day period, the FEC now faces a court action initiated by the National Right to Work Committee. But don't expect any striking developments. The FEC is dominated by Thomas E. Harris, a former AFL-CIO lawyer, who tends to favor organized labor in cases like this one.

☐ Elinor Langer has had the usual Kurtzian experience with Alger Hiss. A leftist and a feminist, Miss Langer was working on a biography of Josephine Herbst, novelist and Communist, which has just appeared. Miss Langer had assumed as a matter of course that Hiss was innocent. Josephine Herbst was married for a while to a Communist named John Herrmann, whose next wife told Miss Langer, convincingly, that Herrmann and Hiss had been friends and that it was Herrmann "who had first introduced

Geraldine's Shadow

She has a little shadow that
  Goes in and out with her;
It follows in the summer months
  And when she wears a fur.
Her hubby kicked and smacked it, but
  It just won't go away.
Now Fritz's epidermis is
  A ghastly shade of grey.

W. H. von Dreele

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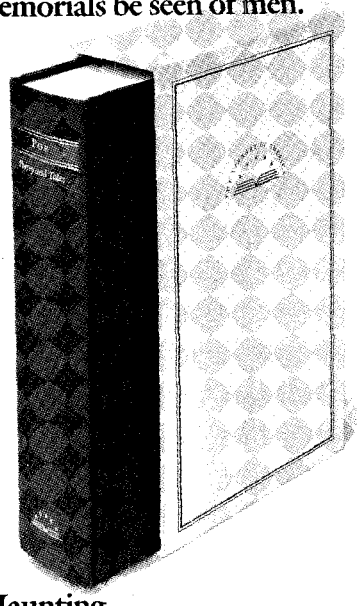
Ye who read are still among the living

...but I who write shall have long since gone my way into the region of shadows. For indeed strange things shall happen, and secret things be known, and many centuries shall pass away, ere these memorials be seen of men.

Shadow–A Parable, Edgar Allan Poe, 1843



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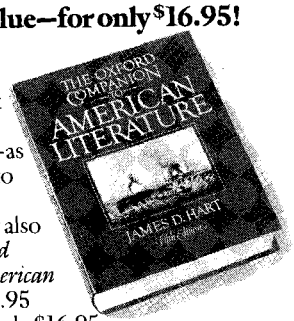

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

"TOO MUCH negative rhetoric at the Republican Convention. Too much Mondale-bashing." That's what some Washington political scribes have been writing. "A bum rap," says a top Reagan campaign aide. "An inside-the-Capital-Beltway story." Compare the President's rhetoric—or that of George Bush, Paul Laxalt, Howard Baker, Bob or Liddy Dole, Kay Ortega, Jack Kemp (Barry is exempt, for reasons of age and nostalgia)—with that of, say, Mario Cuomo or Jesse Jackson at San Francisco, and Dallas pales in comparison. "Cuomo would have you believe that we kill nuns in El Salvador, campaign on the dead bodies of Marines in Lebanon, throw the poor and sick and old off the wagon train. C'mon, give us a break."

As for Reagan's speech being deficient in "vision of the future," there are sound strategic reasons for minifying such content, totally aside from getting ensnarled in the merits of entitlement reform (Social Security, notably) or the value-added tax. "If Reagan builds a campaign on a plan for the future," says a Reagan operative, "he equalizes his status as incumbent with Mondale's status as contender. Two sets of plans for the future are then on the table, Reagan's and Mondale's: Let's debate them." If, on the other hand, Ronald Reagan runs on his record, and Fritz is made to run on the Carter/Mondale record, as Reagan is forcing him to do—why that's smart politics.

Of course liberals are thin-skinned to start with. Little wonder they're complaining about Reagan's supposed negativism. "But more than that, the liberals are scared to death," notes a Republican National Committee (RNC) official. "They think this election will be a realigning one, and that's killing them."

The post-Reagan era has already begun, if we are to judge by the press, as it strained to uncover a fresh angle in Dallas, and by the probable '88 contenders who paraded their presidential finery before the delegates. The *Dallas Morning News* polled more than a thousand delegates to see who had a head start. George Bush came in with 48 per cent, followed by Jack Kemp with 26, Howard Baker with 16, Elizabeth Dole with 5.7, and Bob Dole with 5.4. Before this poll, some pundits had thought that, because Dole and Kemp were pitted so dramatically against each other during the previous week's platform hearings, they might well be 1988's prime antagonists.

Reaganites who have worked closely with Bush laud the Vice President's performance over the past four years; his loyalty doubtless encouraged Mr. Reagan in his convention address to pronounce Bush "the finest Vice President this country has ever had" (notwithstanding Teddy Roosevelt and John Adams). Bush's own convention speech was tough and on the mark—notably his excoriation of Louis Farrakhan—echoing his remarkably up-front conservative oratory over the past several months. Some politicos here think that Bush hurt himself by disdaining Richard Viguerie & Co. on network TV (saying, in effect, that Viguerie and other New Right types are insatiable and that they lack a constituency). The RNC took some grief on this from hard-Right delegates, but there are those who say that Bush's comments were fully warranted.

While it looks now as if Bush is the man to beat, with Kemp right behind, that could change if Bob Dole replaces Howard Baker as Majority Leader of the Senate, putting Dole front-and-center for four years. No question, though, that Kemp is heir apparent to much of Reagan's conservative constituency and is well served by the platform (drafted by supporters Newt Gingrich, Vin Weber, and other Young Turks of the Conservative Opportunity Society). Also, in eschewing identification with those elements of conservative ideology that seem unsympathetic to the poor, Kemp broadens his base. "We can't allow fighting poverty to become passé," he told the National Urban League Conference in a remarkable speech on July 30, admitting that in failing to address black poverty, his party had "blundered and strayed." Dark horses to watch include Governors James R. Thompson Jr. (Ill.), Pierre S. du Pont IV (Del.), and George Deukmejian (Calif.), and Lewis E. Lehrman, who ran unsuccessfully for governor of New York in 1982.

—CATO

Hiss to Chambers, at lunch in a Chinese restaurant near Dupont Circle in 1934." Hiss himself had written to Miss Langer that he had never known Herrmann in Washington. "Reader," writes Miss Langer, "if your peace of mind is still dependent on a sacrosanct version of the Hiss case, this is not the chapter for you." Mr. Hiss, as the young Russian said of Kurtz in *Heart of Darkness*, "is a remarkable man."

☐ Meanwhile, Los Angeles County would like to bury 16,000 aborted fetuses found in a shipping bin in 1982, but the courts won't permit it. Pro-abortion groups, not wanting anybody to think fetuses are human and deserving of burial, sued to block the interment and won a "decision hailed by feminists defending abortion . . ."

☐ Down Memory Lane with Uncle Joe: Wednesday, August 22, marked the 45th anniversary of the flight of German Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop to Moscow to sign the nonaggression pact with the Soviet Union that made World War II possible.

☐ Resistance International, the year-old human-rights organization founded by Vladimir Bukovsky and Armando Valladares, has taken on a couple of new, provocative wrinkles. Last December, the organization helped create a phony edition of *Red Star*, the Soviet *Stars and Stripes*, and slipped 65,000 copies into Afghanistan and the USSR. The paper urged soldiers to end the Afghan mess by deserting. More recently, Resistance International has negotiated with Afghan rebels to secure the release of Red Army prisoners who would like to defect. The soldiers are smuggled through Soviet-controlled territory to the West, where Resistance International finds them a platform

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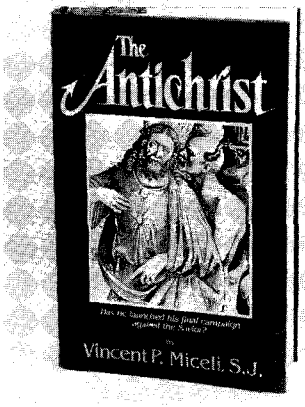
Respected Scholar Sees Ominous Signs

THE ANTICHRIST



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An obscure bishop from Poland spent half the summer of 1976 travelling the United States. Shaken by his tour of New Babylon, he said:

"I do not think the wide circles of American society or the wide circles of the Christian community realize... we are now facing the final confrontation between the Church and the Anti-Church."

Two years later, to everyone's surprise, the obscure prelate became Pope John Paul II.

Perhaps providentially, just about then Fr. Vincent Miceli—spurred by another Pope's warning that "The smoke of Satan is seeping into the Church"—was writing the last chapters of his ominously titled 297-page volume. Satan we have always with us, Fr. Miceli reasoned. Even the Church has its Judases. But the more he sniffed, the more troubled Fr. Miceli felt. **He found damning evidence....**

- *Catholic* shadows of the Antichrist. Scandals in the Church's history—including the present day.
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- Paul VI on the Apocalypse: one of the grimmest warnings a Pope ever made.
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- Shocking statistics: Mass attendance and vocations since Vatican II. The number of Catholic schools that have closed in the United States in the past 12 years.
- Is the Antichrist different from Satan? Is he one man or many? (Don't be misled by some moderns.)
- Dogma: How Satan has made it a dirty word.
- Once-great Catholic universities sell out to secularism. One President brags about it in a university magazine.
- The inferiority complex of trendy Catholics.
- The New Christianity and the Antichrist. Demolished: the five tenets.
- Detente: prelude to the Antichrist?
- What will happen to the Mass in the days of the Antichrist? The Fathers of the Church venture a guess. (Do you see it happening *today*?)

Fr. Miceli takes the gloves off. While the barbarians of the East feed on continents, America and the West are living it up—with the Church either paralyzed, or fluttering about on the rim of the orgy doing everything she dares to get herself invited in. It's a formula for, well, apocalyptic events.

Don't misunderstand. Fr. Miceli doesn't claim to know who the Antichrist is, or when or where he'll arrive. He simply gathers all the evidence, and blends it with the speculation of Saints like John and Paul, Aquinas and Augustine, Pius X—and greats like Cardinal Newman, Pius XII, and Solzhenitsyn. Result: one of our era's most compelling treatments of a world drunk on the blood of innocents, and a post-conciliar Church that seems to have lost its way.

Sample the gems from tradition in *The Antichrist*:

"It is a miserable time when a man's Catholic profession is no voucher for his orthodoxy, and when a teacher of religion may be within the Church's pale, yet external to her truth. Such has been for a season the trial of her children at various eras of her history. It was the state of things during the dreadful Arian ascendancy, when the flock had to keep aloof from the shepherd, and the unsuspicious Fathers of the Western Councils trusted and followed some consecrated sophist from Greece or Syria. It was the case in those passages of medieval history when simony resisted the Supreme Pontiff or when heresy lurked in the universities. It was a longer and more tedious trial while the controversies lasted with the Monophysites of old and with the Jansenists of modern times. A great scandal it is and a perplexity to the little ones of Christ to have to choose between rival claimants upon their allegiance or to find a condemnation at length pronounced upon one whom in their simplicity they have admired."

—John Henry Newman, *The Idea of a University*

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—Cardinal Luigi Ciappi
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Archbishop Sheen Praises Fr. Miceli

The late Archbishop Fulton Sheen said of an earlier book by the author, "*The Gods of Atheism* by Fr. Miceli is as complete a study of atheism as exists in any language." Researching this book, Fr. Miceli spent six years in Rome—two teaching at Pope John Paul II's alma mater, the Angelicum—after a long tenure at Loyola in New Orleans. A popular lecturer, Fr. Miceli hosts his own TV-radio program, Drama of Truth. He has written for dozens of periodicals, from *The New York Times* to the Vatican's *L'Osservatore Romano*.

From the Foreword by Malcolm Muggeridge

"The havoc that has been made on the devil's behalf among Catholics and in their Church is so drastic and widespread as to leave an outsider like myself baffled and bewildered.... The examples given in this vein by Fr. Miceli are hair-raising, and it is greatly to his credit that he has the courage and integrity to cite them.... In war it is necessary, not just to have adequate forces for attack and defence, but also to study the enemy's past and present strategy and tactics. This is staff work, for which, in the everlasting Holy War against the Devil, *The Antichrist* is a masterly textbook.... I thank God that there are priests and teachers like Fr. Miceli to act as His intelligence officer."

A challenge to Church liberals (and maybe some conservatives too)

Fr. Miceli's lectures on the Antichrist provoked bitter reactions. One theology professor urged his students to boycott a lecture (though reading Hans Kung was mandatory). The Church, you see, is in the midst of a renewal, and Fr. Miceli's gloomy picture just doesn't square—because he dashes the renewal fantasy with fact after shattering fact. He forces readers to come to grips with corruption *wherever* it is found. But at the same time, Fr. Miceli disavows crude gloom and doom prophecy: "This book aims to develop a competent, successful, courageous, holy Resistance Movement."

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from which they can tell their stories of Soviet outrages. "An officer decides to have a village searched to see if there are any rebels in it," one defector told a news conference. "The officer says, 'This is a bandit village, it must be destroyed.' So they bring the women into a separate room. The men and the boys are usually shot where they are. And the women, what they try to do is kill them with grenades."

☐ Uganda's nightmares didn't end with the departure of Idi Amin in 1979. Members of opposition groups inside the country as well as Westerners living there say that in the past year between 100,000 and 200,000 Ugandans have been starved to death or murdered by government soldiers. While the government of Milton Obote charges that these figures are grossly exaggerated, it does concede that as many as 15,000 Ugandans have died, most of them, it claims, at the hands of anti-government rebels. Outside observers, including those in the U.S. State Department, don't place the blame for the murders on the Obote government but on the Ugandan army, which is reported to be out of control. There's a lot about South Africa that rankles, but it would rankle more if someone from the Organization of African Unity, somewhere, sometime, would take a moment off from criticizing discrimination in South Africa to criticize butchery in black Africa.

☐ Britain is experiencing an all-out and inevitable crisis of socialism, and the political outcome remains in doubt. The Thatcher government is trying to close down twenty of the country's least productive nationalized mines. The government regards these mines as exactly the kind of thing that must be dispensed with if Britain is ever to regain economic health. The miners' leadership, without a strike vote, began the present strike with flying squads of militants who blocked, often violently, the country's remaining mines. The strike has been going on for six months and may last a year, and Arthur Scargill, the Marxist leader of the union, has declared that his real goal is to bring Mrs. Thatcher down. The miners' union is in a weaker position today, however, than it was ten years ago, when it destroyed the Heath government. It has lost half its members, and it does not have the full support of other unions. Public opinion is hostile. If you want to bet, bet that Scargill will be the British Galtieri.

☐ What's Colonel Qaddafi up to now? Out of the blue, he and King Hassan II of Morocco have announced a union of their two countries, a most improbable union in that Qaddafi is a Soviet-oriented socialist with a messianic complex, Hassan a Western-oriented, Western-educated autocrat. For years Qaddafi has supported and supplied the Polisario guerrillas fighting Hassan's troops in the Moroccan-annexed Western Sahara. So what gives? One thesis is that Morocco and Libya have joined together as a counterweight to the recently announced alliance among Algeria, Tunisia, and Mauritius. A second, that Morocco and Libya, which are separated by seven hundred miles, see their union as the start of a new Arab Maghreb that would bring together all of the Arab nations of northwestern Africa from Libya to the sea. It is an alarming development, but it would be more so if other Libyan unions (twice with Egypt, twice with Syria, once each with Sudan, Tunisia, and Chad) had proved more durable.

☐ The friends of Fidel Castro took a hard right on the chin last week, courtesy of one of the more free-speaking members of the State Department. Addressing a Palm Beach meeting of the Cuban-American National Foundation, Elliott Abrams, Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights, gave a powerful speech condemning "apologists" for the Castro regime. Abrams, no timid *Yanqui*, specifically mentioned such people as William Wipfler of the National Council of Churches, Corinne Johnson of the American Friends Service Committee, and Father Bryan Hehir, the famous aide to the U.S. Catholic bishops: All of them, Abrams said, have made statements that were "grossly misleading" regarding human-rights violations in Cuba. Abrams also pointed to the Washington Office on Latin America as making "virtually no efforts on behalf of Cuban political prisoners" while routinely condemning abuses in Argentina, Chile, and El Salvador.

☐ *The Middle of America*, it's called, a Soviet TV documentary filmed in Kansas City. It's all there. A bleak, devastated city, a slum where tramps lounge against buildings or sleep curled up on park benches. Crime is rampant, the people destitute, homeless, dispirited. At the university the students are listless; there are no jobs, there will be no jobs. Only the commodity traders—what Soviet director Valentin Zorin calls "greedy capitalist beetles"—live high on the hog, enriching themselves at the expense of the poor. The cameras pan across an abandoned industrial plant. (Actually, it is a booming industrial plant Monday

GOP Liberals Sing 'All Alone'

All alone by the telephone,
We're so all alone and blue.
Not a ring nor a ting-a-ling,
Though we shine our shoes and pass the booze.
We're all alone, feeling woozy . . .
All alone, just we few,
Wond'ring where you are, and how you are,
And if we're far-left of you, too.

W. H. VON DREELE

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through Saturday. The Soviets filmed it on Sunday.) Eighty million Soviet citizens have now seen *The Middle of America*, which was filmed two years ago with the cooperation of Mayor Richard Berkley and the good citizens of Kansas City, who hoped that by cooperating with Comrade Zorin they would strike a blow for peace, understanding, and détente.

☐ Fritz wanted a running-mate who'd bring some excitement to the ticket. And he did pledge to make the "sleaze factor" a major campaign issue. So far, so good.

☐ Congress *slash all taxes* is investigating the use *slash all taxes* of subliminal messages *stop spending* by the government *stop spending* "to encourage safe driving *repeal air-bags* and discourage crime *stop spending* and drug abuse." Of course, manipulating *go home* the public for some purported good *go home* will inevitably lead *go home* to the abuse of power *stop spending* and wholesale infringement of human rights *no man's life, liberty, or property is safe while the legislature is in session* and cannot be tolerated in a free society *stay home.*

☐ So Ronald Reagan dozes off at Cabinet meetings. If Walter Mondale gets elected, the whole Cabinet will doze off.

Mr. Reagan's Blitzkrieg

RONALD REAGAN'S final convention speech was a slashing answer to his liberal attackers, even using "liberal" as a cussword. Some conservatives felt that he was too negative; they would have preferred a fuller limning of his vision of America's future.

They may be right. For our part, though, we thought the speech showed the old campaigner entering his last campaign in grand form. With one-line zingers and with the sustained melodic line of a long speech, Reagan is peerless.

He referred to the Democrats' "compassion" with withering irony. He yanked the deficit issue right out of their hands and lashed them with it. He mocked their attempts to appropriate the themes of family and flag. He recited their record in detail and taunted their old device, the "misery index," which they no longer dare mention. He spoke with searing indignation of those who equated Grenada with Afghanistan. And he proudly cited his own accomplishments.

If he means to campaign this way, it is Walter Mondale who had better duck the debates. Reagan is said to be smarting over the trashing he took at the San Francisco Convention, and the predominance of polemic over poetry in his acceptance speech suggests he means to take the fight to his critics.

Interestingly, some top aides are denigrating the speech to reporters. They would have preferred a softer message. Reagan apparently had his own ideas, and he returned to his old speechwriter Ken Khachigian for help with this one, on which he put in an unusual amount of his own time in composition and rehearsal.

Shades of New Hampshire, 1980, when Reagan grabbed the microphone and electrified the crowd. He's always been a running back, not a defensive lineman. When an Iowa poll earlier this year showed him trailing the Democratic candidates, he observed correctly that it was because they had just spent a year there slamming him without contradiction. For four years, in fact, the major media have been serving as para-Democratic Gipper-nippers.

Now it's Reagan's turn. Popular though he is, he feels he has to seize the initiative. His patience and unfailing affability have earned him plenty of credit, and he can afford to be aggressive. This is the last reel, and it's time for the good guy to meet his tormentors in an exciting showdown.

Nemesis

A DECADE AGO, Democrats found disturbing evidence of original sin among Republicans, and took steps to root it out. Congress passed a series of laws limiting campaign spending and requiring candidates and office-holders to make detailed disclosures of their personal finances. Some of us feared the unanticipated consequences, but the Democrats charged ahead, quivering with delicious indignation over such shocking bits of sleaze as Ed Meese's cufflinks.

Enter Geraldine Ferraro. It transpires that she has broken some of the purity laws and, perhaps illegally, circumvented others. She and her husband—the extent of her involvement in his businesses is unclear, though it *is* clear that she has understated it—have engaged in a number of dubious and illegal practices. It could hardly have cheered the Mondale campaign that on the night of Ronald Reagan's "coronation," John Zaccaro was shown on national television going to court to answer charges that he had, er, borrowed money from the estate of an aged widow that had been entrusted to his safekeeping. His wife insisted he had acted rightly.

How much did Fritz Mondale know, and when did he know it? Zaccaro's court date had been postponed from early July, when, as the court was well aware—though the Zaccaros say this wasn't a consideration for them—the Mondale campaign was checking out Mrs. Ferraro as a possible running-mate. Mondale aides have been deliberately ambiguous about whether they knew of John Zaccaro's legal problem in July. This is understandable. There is no good way for them to answer that question. But the best guess is that they didn't know, and that Gerry Ferraro didn't tell them.

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Not all the Mondale-Ferraro-Zaccaro troubles involve mere "technicalities." There are matters of substance and tone as well, and the Queens couple face as many as seven separate investigations into their affairs. Their various explanations for what looks like a clear pattern of self-aggrandizing behavior boil down to implausible pleas of ignorance. If they are telling the truth, it is remarkable that they should so consistently profit by their blunders.

Gerry Ferraro has upstaged Walter Mondale from the start, and now she is on the cover of every major magazine in sight again. Most of the journalists are eager to give her the benefit of the doubt (the reporters at her press conference applauded her adroit if hardly satisfactory performance). The fact remains that the attention she is now getting is essentially negative. She has lost her halo. Republicans who feared the Ferraro factor last month are already hoping she *won't* be dropped from the ticket.

At best, Walter Mondale has shown himself to be narrow and shortsighted, from the days of his advocacy of the post-Watergate "reforms" to the vaunted selection process that brought Gerry Ferraro to his ticket. Only a fool could have insisted that candidates be judged by ethereal ethical standards; but, as they say, answered prayers bring more grief than unanswered ones. Before this campaign is over, Walter Mondale may begin to acquire the sense of irony he so clearly needs.

It is worth recalling that Watergate didn't prevent Richard Nixon from carrying 49 states in 1972. The Ferraro follies won't stop Mondale's liberal supporters from voting for him. But there is an important difference. Nixon already looked like a winner, and he was invulnerable. Mondale is a loser. The three-ring scandal he didn't anticipate and can't handle makes him look all the worse. Its likely effect will be to give millions of old-line Democrats a good excuse to cross the river to Reagan.

A Christian Country?

WHAT IS going on here? Haynes Johnson of the *Washington Post* professes to have been scared —that's right, *scared*, by the overt presence of Christian themes and delegates at the Dallas Convention. The *New York Times* resorted to a word infrequently heard in those quarters, "sin," condemning "Mr. Reagan's trespass into the moral world." This applied to his remarks at a prayer breakfast, and is a singular formulation. The normally sober columnist William Safire hypothesized that Reagan might in his second term be contemplating a "struggle to impose a religious government on people who prefer to practice their religions freely."

In short, 1) Mr. Reagan has a right to his religious opinions; and 2) anyone who objects strongly to his brand of Protestant Christianity is encouraged to vote against him on that ground alone.

To be sure, a more complex reflection is called for. In case anyone has not heard about it, America is experiencing a tremendous religious revival, mostly outside the Boston-New York-Washington media corridor. This religious revival has cyclical precedents in American history; it has many sources and it takes many forms; but it is vital, growing, powerful. In the most general sense, it responds to the universal human intuition that there is something important beyond the Humean time-space envelope. The powerful return of that temporarily repressed human intuition is simply a cultural and political fact.

The first settlers in this country were religiously motivated; the Massachusetts Bay Colony was conceived as a dissenting Protestant utopia. Spanish traders and priests pioneered the West, where the Democrats held their recent convention in a city named for St. Francis. The movement to abolish slavery had its moral sources in John Wesley and William Wilberforce, and the Union Army marched to the millennial strains of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The wagons and railroads moved westward for land and gold but also for God. Bryan campaigned against the "Cross of Gold" and Franklin Roosevelt, in his Declaration of War speech in 1941, promised victory over the Japanese, "so help us, God." The civil-rights movement had religious content, as does the peace movement. Religious books today make the sales of James Michener and Judith Krantz look trivial.

The United States survived as a freedom-enjoying nation for 180 years while school prayer was legal. What is so "scary" about the desire of the President and much of the community to bring it back?

One root of the bombast about Reagan's religious expressions is no doubt political. Liberals are justifiably afraid that he is tapping the energies of the present religious revival. But there is another factor operating. His critics appear to be afraid that he is attempting to reconstitute the Protestant consensus.

The fact of the matter is that for most of its history America was a Protestant country and brooked no argument about it. Both John Kennedy in Houston and Father John Courtney Murray in his theoretical

Just like Home

Sweat stands out like little beads
On the socialistic Swedes
From reports that Russian oars
Daily scrape upon their shores,
Though most Soviets would sense
Very little difference.

W. H. VON DREELE

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writings went far toward assimilating Catholicism into the American Protestant consensus, and Judaism has also flourished, mostly in its Reform or assimilationist branch. The older, mainline Protestant churches have weakened, meanwhile, and four strong contenders for power have emerged.

The first into the political arena was organized secularism, as epitomized by the ACLU. This thrust challenged the older consensus, going so far as to sue in court to abolish Nativity scenes on public property. The secularist thrust has aimed to make religion a purely private matter. In 1970, the government was actually sued over "In God We Trust." The government won. And the Supreme Court has now ruled that a crèche can be displayed in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, at Christmastime.

Chronologically considered, the second contender, and increasingly powerful, is the Protestant movement that has grown up outside the mainline churches, and is in part a protest against them. It has earlier roots in the great evangelical tradition, but it is also a response to the secularist thrust. It is committed to traditional values, especially in matters pertaining to sex. Some forty million Americans today attest that they are born-again Christians, and anyone who thinks that this is going to go away soon as a political force is whistling in the dark.

The third contender in American religious politics is the Jewish organizations that support Israel. They have a good deal of political power, and it is in part a religiously motivated power.

The fourth contender is the Catholic Church, which is especially militant on the subject of abortion. Someone is bound to ask Mrs. Ferraro or Mr. Cuomo at some point just why they are "privately" opposed to it—that is, on just what grounds—and then we will see some definitional scurrying.

Mac, London *Daily Mail* / Rothco

"Guess what, comrades! It was just Reagan's little joke!"

These four religious forces are today potent in the American culture and therefore potent politically, and Mr. Reagan is doing very well with three of them. Perhaps that is what's "scary." But there is another force that has prevailed historically, and probably always will in this country, which could be called the manners of pluralism—an accommodating public theism that allows for diversity within its boundaries but is by no means "neutral" regarding religion. In God They Trust.

Democratic Mess

ONE WAY TO interpret the 1984 Democratic platform is as a grid. On the *x* axis are the various constituency groups: Hispanics, Women, the Elderly, and so on. On the *y* axis are the various things people want: Housing, Art, Schooling, and so forth. In each box of the grid sits a little sub-constituency, its mouth gaping like a baby robin's. The task of the Democrats is to hop from box to box dropping little pellets of concern into each.

It is an exhausting task, and the Democrats go on for 34 pages attempting it. They dole out morsels to minority farmers, to elderly persons in need of job training, to Hispanic colleges, to rural management consultants, to TV stations owned by women, and to unemployed Indians who live on reservations. They promise lower gas rates for the elderly and lower oil rates for the unemployed—though not, for some reason, vice versa.

In the process the Democrats constantly swoop, owl-like, from the heights of vacuous generality to the depths of goofy specificity. One paragraph finds them declaiming that "In today's complex world, no industrial nation can be fully self-sufficient." The next finds them asserting that "Significant contributions to our energy supply can be made" by utilizing such "proven energy sources" as the "recovery of gas from . . . garbage dumps." Again, "Programs for children represent the most critical investment we can make. . . . We know more about the number of matches sold than about the number of children across the country who die in fires while alone at home." As TRB asked in *The New Republic*, "Is the Democratic Party turning its back on children who die in fires while at home but not alone, or while alone somewhere else, or—crowning irony—neither at home nor alone?"

Macaulay, in his review of Barère's memoirs, wrote: "A man who

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has never looked on Niagara has but a faint idea of a cataract; and he who has not read Barère's memoirs may be said not to know what it is to lie." He who has never read this platform may be said not to know what it is to evade. What is evaded is the Carter record.

The platform vows to "prevent another explosion of inflation," never mentioning who detonated the last one. (Its anti-inflation program goes on for seven paragraphs but never mentions the money supply.) It blames Reagan for having, in his first months in office, slightly increased the "misery index," when everyone knows he has since cut it almost in half from Carter levels. It even blames Reagan for having "kept real interest rates high"—the topic of complaint here being that while Reagan has cut interest rates by seven points, he has cut inflation by even more.

While the 1984 Democratic platform evades the Carter record, it evokes Carter in another way: It has a meanness problem. Its rhetoric gives no quarter and takes no prisoners. It says the Reagan Administration is "an implacable and intractable foe" of "the poor, the female, the minority" and that it "consciously seeks to turn the clock back to an era when second-class citizenship for women and minorities, disenfranchisement, and de jure [legally obligatory] and de facto segregation were very much the facts of life for well over half of America's population."

You read that right. Not only are the Republicans trying to pass laws forbidding integration; they even seek "disenfranchisement" of "well over half" the population. That can mean only one thing: repeal of women's suffrage. The whole Sandra O'Connor thing was just a ruse.

This is the Democratic platform that puts the Grenada liberation in a list of "dangerous foreign-policy failures," that denounces U.S. missile defense as "provocative," that "strongly opposes" asking welfare recipients to work, that calls on government subsidy programs to give preference to "community-owned" —that is, socialized—business enterprises. Can you imagine a "moderate Democrat"—if there are any left —trying to run on it?

Latin America Watch

THERE IS growing professionalism in the Salvadoran army. On June 28, at 2:30 A.M., guerrillas captured the Cerrón Grande Dam, the country's largest hydroelectric plant. By 3:30, the General Staff was coordinating a response. At 6:00, six hundred troops were transported to the scene in ten helicopters. At 10:30, President Duarte was briefed, and he ordered his troops to retake the facility. Immediately, the forces launched an attack on the perimeter and began fighting the guerrillas floor by floor inside the facility. By noon the dam was under government control.

► There are reports of a feud within the Sandinista coalition in Nicaragua, with Daniel Ortega, presidential candidate, facing pressure from hard-line Marxists like Tomás Borge, Interior Minister. Borge and the Soviets want a swift and brutal crackdown on the remaining democratic elements in the country, including the Church. Ortega is trying to capture the moral high ground with an election and token freedoms. Parallels are being drawn to the hard-line *v.* moderate feud in Grenada that ended with the assassination of Maurice Bishop.

► Mainland China and Cuba are normalizing relations, ruptured in the Sixties when Castro opposed Maoist guerrilla movements in Latin America. Cuba and China are already trading partners ($400 million in goods exchanged last year).

The Slow Death of Marxism

WE COULDN'T have said it better ourselves: Here is Edward S. Shapiro, a Seton Hall professor, writing in the *St. Croix Review* on the lingering traces of Marxism in the academy:

" 'The most important event in the recent history of ideas,' George Gilder wrote in *Wealth and Poverty*, 'is the demise of the socialist dream.' This judgment is not restricted to those like Gilder who have never been touched by the Marxist disease. Thus Leszek Kolakowski, a leading Marxist theoretician and former professor at the University of Warsaw, noted in his three-volume *Main Currents of Marxism* that 'Marxism has been the greatest fantasy of our century. . . . [Its] influence . . . is almost entirely due to its prophetic, fantastic, and irrational elements. . . . At present, Marxism neither interprets the world nor changes it: It is merely a repertoire of slogans serving to organize various interests.' As one might expect, the American academy has been among the last to receive the good news about the death of Marxism.

"A case in point is *Visions of History*, a recently published collection of interviews with 13 leading radical historians including William Appleman Williams, Staughton Lynd, Herbert Gutman, and Natalie Zemon Davis . . . The volume was put together by MAHRO: the Radical Historians Organization, which sponsors the *Radical History Review*, and some of the interviews originally appeared in this journal. At a time when history has demonstrated the falsity of almost every Marxist tenet, it is revealing to witness this feverish attempt to hold onto the remnants of the radical faith, an attempt which substantiates Michael Novak's claim that Marxism's remaining function is to channel frustrations and aggressions, to reassure the intellectually aggrieved that their triumph has been predetermined by impersonal historical forces. Shorn of all sociological, political, and economic relevance, all that remains of Marxism is its eschatology."

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Paul Adams, RIP

In 1966, New York's fledgling Conservative Party nominated Dean Paul L. Adams, vice president of Roberts Wesleyan College in Rochester, to be its candidate for governor. "He was a thoughtful, quiet man," J. Daniel Mahoney would write later in *Actions Speak Louder: The Story of the New York Conservative Party*, "who had a thorough grasp of the entire conservative position and a gift for articulating that position with ease and clarity. There was not an ounce of flamboyance in his nature." Against him New York's well-established Liberal Party put up Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr., and it spent a quarter of a million dollars to the Conservatives' $44,000 in the course of the campaign. When incomplete returns indicated that FDR Jr. had come in ahead of Adams, the Liberal Party took out an ad in the *New York Times* to do a little crowing: "We polled approximately 520,000 votes," it said, "the largest in our history. We also maintained our hold on our traditional Column C [in New York, the column a party occupies on the ballot depends on its showing in the last gubernatorial race]. Had we lost Column C to the Conservative Party, it would have been a blow to liberal-minded people throughout the nation and front-page news everywhere." Three weeks later the blow fell. The final official count showed that Dean Adams had outpolled FDR Jr.—in liberal New York—by 2,789 beautiful votes. (Nelson Rockefeller was, of course, the overall winner.) The Conservative Party, now on the map, would, four years later, see its candidate seated in the United States Senate. It holds Column C to this day. Paul Adams died last week of cancer.

Truman Capote, RIP

In Cold Blood, a nonfiction "novel" about two murderers, was probably Truman Capote's best book. Here he was able to apply his literary talents to the presentation of material derived from the external world, which excused him from having to imagine it. He did not have a powerful novelistic imagination, and in this, at least, he resembled Norman Mailer, whose *In Cold Blood* was *The Executioner's Song*, Mailer's best book.

Capote emerged at 23 with *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, emerged as a writer and as a personality. The photograph on the dust-jacket, depicting a tiny androgynous dandy, reclining, with a blond doe's stare, established the identity. His prose style, which some admired and for which he himself claimed a great deal, reinforced that idea. It was offbeat in its focus on odd details, consistently alienated, and "fragrant"—music for chameleons indeed.

In his later years he had calamitous drug and alcohol problems, not so unusual for writers, and it is useless to try to diagnose his state of mind. Perhaps he had stretched his minor talent as far as it could go; perhaps, in his social life, he was, in Barbara Gordon's phrase, dancing as fast as he could. He died last week in Los Angeles, at the age of 59.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: Trans-O-Gramnuts
From: WFB

With deep regret we announce the retirement, with this Trans-O-Gram, of its author, Svend Petersen, who has been with us since January 14, 1964. A few years after Mr. Petersen's Trans-O-Grams began, we thought to eliminate the feature "in the interest of space." That was when we learned everything there is to learn about counter-revolution. Not all of National Review's readers do the Trans-O-Gram, but all of National Review's readers who *do* do the Trans-O-Gram would cancel their subscriptions if we dropped it. We will never again make that mistake.

To succeed him, Mr. Petersen nominated Kem Putney, of Williamsburg, Virginia. We wish him well, and don't envy the standards he will have to meet. And our deepest thanks to Svend Petersen, who has made hieroglyphics out of more conservative prose than any other cryptographer, living or dead.

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla
Re: Brian Crozier

I had a note from Brian, who begs leave of his column for a couple of issues on account of surgery. But all will be well, he assures us. You will probably wish to advise your old friends Urbi and Orbi. And wish Brian a speedy recovery.

☐ Mr. Christopher Manion
Office of Senator Jesse Helms

Dear Christopher:

The jocular paragraph we published in our issue of June 15 was, you are quite correct, susceptible of misunderstanding. We gladly clarify the record, namely that Senator Helms is not a member of the Senate Intelligence Committee and could not therefore have been expected to know about the CIA briefings on the mining of the Nicaraguan harbors. And oh yes, while I am at it, give the senator our warmest greetings and tell him we will certainly send a representative to see him renew his oath of office next January

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to represent what Senator Claghorn used to refer to as Upper South Carolina.

With warm personal regards,

WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have envisioned a game to rival the traditional Monopoly; it's called New Deal. Of course, the playing board would have to be expanded to accommodate the many Great Society programs. In particular, the railroads would be those nationalized by our government, Conrail and Amtrak. Similarly, the utilities would be Hoover Dam and the TVA. Jail would change to the IRS auditors. The Community Chest cards would number well into the thousands, so as to represent all of the communal goods.

The rules of the game differ from its capitalistic counterpart. Whenever a player acquires land or capital, he must divide his wealth evenly among all players. Hence, regardless of a person's ingenuity, he can accumulate no more resources than other players can. Unfortunately, this game is a more realistic portrayal of our economic system than one rooted in capitalism. Isn't it fun playing a game in which no one can win?

Sincerely,
M. Steven Long
West Lafayette, Ind.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have been out of the country and therefore only just now saw the two-minute NATIONAL REVIEW TV ad featuring Charlton Heston, Tom Selleck, and President Reagan. It is something. It has got to earn the prize for the best ad ever devised. Whom will it be awarded to?

Cordially,
Charles Ault
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Mr. Ault: I agree with you, and I think I would agree even if NATIONAL REVIEW were not the beneficiary of the ad. The whole thing was the idea of Robert Marsh, the president of the National Media Group (1060 Valley Forge Place, King of Prussia, Pa. 19406). Nothing less than an Oscar would do. And, of course, an Oscar each for the three principal players. Perhaps we could arrange for it to be given to Mr. Reagan at the same time he is re-inaugurated? Would save time. Cordially, —WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: "cohort," the Oxford Dictionary cites the Roman military meaning of this term, and also the meaning of *company* or *band*, quoting Milton as using "The Cohort bright of watchful Cherubim."

Biostatisticians, at least, have adopted *cohort* as identifying all members of an identical class. Thus all persons born in 1918 are the cohort of 1918 when preparing life tables for insurance purposes.

George F. Brockman, MD
Greenville, Ky.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Recently I received a letter from a circular called the *Christian Inquirer*. Upon reading the *Christian Inquirer*'s advertisement I learned that the Library of Congress annually spends $100,000 of our tax money for publication of *Playboy* magazine in Braille.

Queries: How do you translate a centerfold into Braille? What good is *Playboy* without the centerfold?

Sincerely,
Kelly Wells
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Dear Mr. Wells: Since we do not know how Braille manages these things, we simply can't say. Cordially,
—WFB

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Foreign Intelligence Book Series

OPERATION ZAPATA: The "Ultrasensitive" Report and Testimony of the Board of Inquiry on the Bay of Pigs

Introduction by LUIS AGUILAR

What went wrong, why, and what direction should actions of a similar nature take in the future? These are the questions which President Kennedy ordered to be the subject of an investigation by a special Board of Inquiry (commonly known as the Taylor Commission) on the Bay of Pigs invasion. The Board of Inquiry (General Maxwell Taylor, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, CIA Director Allen Dulles, and others) did its job: it submitted a lengthy report and hundreds of pages of testimony which not only presented the definitive version of the events surrounding the invasion, but which also drew up a comprehensive blueprint for a much intensified Cold War. As a watershed policy statement in the history of U.S. foreign and military relations, the report and testimony are unsurpassed. *Operation ZAPATA* publishes this material for the first time.

This book is useful as an historical source. Parts of it, especially the Study Group's own report and some of the testimony, are fascinating reading for anyone interested in the Bay of Pigs episode. The Group's account and its findings, characterized as they are by objectivity and judiciousness, may serve as at least a partial antidote to the facile and sweeping characterizations of the operation that have appeared so widely in the intervening two decades. **—Strategic Review**

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THE NEW NATIONALISM

THERE'S A fresh reason to vote for Ronald Reagan this year, and it's neither the economy nor national defense. It's pride. The country is on a patriotic ego trip, proud of itself and unself-consciously enjoying the nationalistic binge. "I've never felt so good about the country in my life," a delegate told me in Dallas. George Bush put it well: "This sure beats that Democratic Temple of Doom in San Francisco." Kay Ortega, the convention keynoter, defined the genesis of this new "Era of Good Feeling": Ronald Reagan has "restored America's faith in itself," she said. Jeane Kirkpatrick also limned the new national high, seeing in Ronald Reagan's Presidency "a reaffirmation of historical American ideals" and a restoration of "confidence in the legitimacy and success of American institutions." The ambassador later repeated the same note a few octaves down when she so unforgettably burlesqued the "San Francisco Democrats" who always want "to blame America first." And Howard Baker continued the theme by remarking that when Walter Mondale holds office, "he creates misery, and when he's out of office, he invents it." The Dallas Convention gave expression to what the nation at large feels as it rides a tidal wave of nationalistic energy and conviction.

The U.S. Olympic athletes have helped create this surging uplift. Campaign insiders say the games increased Mr. Reagan's popularity by as much as 5 per cent. For some reason, Americans tie their septuagenarian President to the flower of their youth, perhaps because Reagan himself is a kind of *aeternus puer*. Does this explain why people between the ages of 18 and 39 prefer Reagan over Mondale, 58 to 37 per cent (*Los Angeles Times*)? If you narrow the bracket, to the 18 to 25 age group, the preference for Reagan stretches to an astonishing 69 to 28 per cent (*U.S.A. Today*). The film *Red Dawn*, featuring young Americans fighting Communists, an unblushingly patriotic salute, is a box-office smash despite harsh critical notices. The military services enjoy greater respect today than at any time since Vietnam, as evidenced by the current re-enlistment rates and by the quality of enlistees, despite an ongoing economic expansion. On college campuses, the ROTC is back in vogue, with both programs and enrollments on the upswing.

But the binge is not only a young people's thing. Convention delegates reported record turnouts all around the country this year on Flag Day and the Fourth of July. The Freedom Festival in Evansville, Indiana, played host to a record-busting quarter of a million people in the last week of June and first week of July. In Washington, the Architect of the Capitol says the number of requests for flags flown over the cupola is expected to climb to 112,000 this year, as against 84,000 requests last year.

Right Place, Right Time

IS RONALD REAGAN responsible for this emotional high? Or was it a case of being at the right place at the right time? True, the book has been closed for some time on the Vietnam War and Watergate. Also, the USSR's invasion of Afghanistan and its threat against Poland are both now almost five years old. Everything was in place for a U.S. President to open the spigot and let the pent-up pride burst forth.

The release of the American hostages on the very day of Mr. Reagan's inauguration was the first patriotic lightning-bolt to strike the populace. Then the President's economic program came along, with a gathering wave of optimism in its wake. This was followed by the successful military intervention in Grenada (as contrasted with the Iranian captivity and aborted rescue). And, let's face it, the Soviets have also helped to feed nationalistic sentiment in the United States. Their abstention from the Olympic Games, their treatment of Sakharov, their refusal to talk disarmament, their current stiffing of Mr. Reagan all spur the American people to rally round their Commander-in-Chief.

Reagan appeals to this hunger for self-respect through both his programs and his personality. Despite all the charges of unfairness, Reagan retains a populist look—especially as compared to Walter Mondale or Geraldine Ferraro. He is seen as a power-to-the-people, shrink-big-government President who wants to slash taxes, cut spending, and redirect money outward and downward (federalism). Mr. Reagan has "a democratic personality," as Richard Wirthlin has appositely noted, with his geniality, wit, and obvious enjoyment of the job; he is more reminiscent of FDR or JFK than of Herbert Hoover or Calvin Coolidge.

All of which might be viewed as respectable Sunday-supplement fare, and that only, until you recall that nationalism is the greatest single determinant of modern history. It makes leaders well-nigh invincible if it is on their side, permitting them to fashion the organization, structure, and expression of public life. So, as happened with President Eisenhower when Americans were on another nationalistic high, the people seem to have committed themselves to Ronald Reagan already (witness his uncanny strength in the opinion polls). And they have developed a taste for the Reagan nationalism, with its emotional buoyancy and exhilaration. As Kay Ortega observed, if (as now appears likely) Mr. Reagan receives a powerful mandate, he will be seen less as the communicator and more as the leader, reforging America and sinking the roots of his conservatism deeper. □

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A STUDENT'S GUIDE TO MEANINGFUL DIALOGUE

As you enter college, you will find you've moved into a realm of uninhibited political discussion. Your professors, armed with academic freedom and tenure, will of course defend to the death your First Amendment rights, but they will also be on the lookout for telltale "gaffes"—i.e., simplistic, reactionary outbursts like, "Gee, I hope we win *this war!" or "But the Bible* condemns *sodomy!"*

To help you avoid embarrassment and protect your academic future, we have provided a list of common social and political topics, in alphabetical order, together with their appropriate responses within the academic milieu. Simply set aside 15 minutes a day to memorize them. Practice them alone or in letters to the editor of your campus paper until they come readily to your tongue. Within weeks, you'll find your professors looking on you as a particularly thoughtful student.

And if you should flunk out anyway, you'll still be equipped for a career in journalism.

abortion. Fundamental constitutional and human right. Happens whether there are laws against it or not. A matter of individual conscience. Never an easy decision for the woman. Mention rape and incest frequently. If Catholic, say you are personally opposed but would not impose your views on others. *Syn.* **terminating a pregnancy.**

academic freedom. Under attack, as in the McCarthy era.

activists. Committed to social change.

affirmative action. Necessary to counter effects of three hundred years of discrimination.

Afghanistan. The Soviets' Vietnam.

alligators. Threatened with extinction.

American Civil Liberties Union. Staunch defender of Bill of Rights. Has fought tirelessly to expand our constitutional protections.

American dream. For many, a cruel hoax.

anti-Communism. Blind, hysterical, obsessive.

apathy. Deplore it.

arms-control agreements. Vital to survival. Must replace arms race. Require mutual trust. No hard proof of Soviet violations.

arms of the Cubans. We have driven Nicaragua into them.

arms of the Soviets. We have driven Cuba into them.

arms race. Sheer madness. Both sides have enough weapons to destroy the world several times.

artists. Great ones are neglected in their own time. Need federal grants.

attacks on dissent. Smack of McCarthyism.

authority. Question it.

backs of the poor. Budget must not be balanced on them.

balanced-budget amendment. Hypocritical; not needed: Congress can balance budget whenever it wants.

barriers. Must be torn down.

beauty contests. Demeaning to women; exploitative.

beds. What people do in them is their own business. Silly to look for Communists under them.

bellicosity. Dangerous in dealing with Soviets.

betraying one's country. Quote E. M. Forster.

Bill of Rights. Under attack; might lose if put to a vote today.

bishops. Must speak out for peace and social justice. Should not interfere in politics.

blacks. Ronald Reagan is insensitive to their needs.

body. A woman has the right to control her own.

book-burning. Express concern about the new wave of it sweeping the country.

Bruce, Lenny. Irreverent humorist. Broke taboos; held unpopular views. Hounded by local authorities.

bureaucracies. Much maligned. Private ones are no better than public ones.

business. Profit-hungry. Should work in partnership with government.

capitalism. Based on greed. The New Deal saved it.

capital punishment. Barbaric. Discriminatory.

carrots. More effective than sticks with Soviets.

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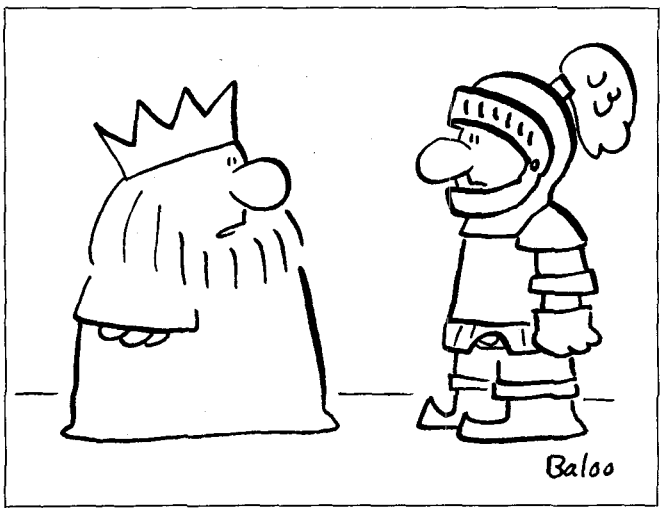
Castro, Fidel. Cuban leader.
censors. Self-appointed.
Chambers, Whittaker. Confessed Communist and perjurer.
change. Criticize those opposed to it.
Chernenko, Konstantin. Soviet leader.
children. Reagan would protect them—but only until birth. Naturally curious about sex.
China. Was never ours to lose.
Chun Doo-hwan. South Korean strongman. Corrupt.
CIA. Spied on American citizens. Must be kept accountable to Congress.
civil rights. Ask if we are retreating in our commitment to them.
clock. Can't be turned back.
cold-war rhetoric. Needlessly provocative; we must seek areas of common interest.
Communism. Has never really been tried. Not monolithic.
Communist plot. Use this phrase to get a laugh; laugh when others use it.
compassion. Conservatives lack it. Liberals claim no monopoly on it.
competition. Must be replaced by cooperation.
complex problems. There are no simple answers to them.
conscience. Refer to yours frequently.
conservatives. Aren't *true* conservatives. Want to get government off our backs and into our bedrooms.
conspiracy theories. Ridicule them.
Constitution. A living document. Means what it says. Must be adapted to today's needs.
contraceptives. Despite what the Pope says, Catholics follow their consciences.
corporate board rooms. Decisions affecting all our lives are made in them.
corporate greed. Cause of inflation.
courage. Often shown by *refusing* to fight.
court-stripping bills. Denounce tampering with the Constitution.
coverups. Investigative journalists foil them.
creationism. Bigotry masquerading as science.
crime. Caused by poverty and discrimination. Hurts the poor most.
Cuomo, Mario. Immigrant's son. Thoughtful Catholic. Reads Teilhard de Chardin.



"Sure, I'm increasingly oppressing the peasants, but there's been a decrease in the rate of increase of peasant-oppression."

Darwin, Charles. Mention ancient conflict between science and religion.
death penalty. Ask why so-called "pro-lifers" favor it.
decision-making process. Many feel excluded from it.
deficits. Mortgaging our children's future.
dissent. Must not be confused with disloyalty.
Dole, Robert. One-time Republican hatchet man. Has grown as a person.
domino theory. Discredited. *(Obsolete.)*
Douglas, William O. Tireless champion of individual rights.
eighteenth century. Conservatives would return to it.
elections. In El Salvador, fraudulent. In Nicaragua, imminent.
El Salvador. Mention death squads.
enemy. Quote Pogo.
equality. Our most fundamental principle, often betrayed in practice.
equal pay for comparable work. The civil-rights issue of the Eighties?
ERA. Defeated by appeals to fear.
Europeans. Frightened by Reagan.
family. Republicans have no monopoly on it.
feminism. Has liberated *both* sexes.
Ferraro, Geraldine. Immigrant's daughter. Represents Archie Bunker's district. Brought excitement to ticket.
fetus. Fertilized egg. Its rights must not be placed above those of the mother.
Fifties. Era of conformity, cold war. Mention McCarthyism.
foes. We must not imitate their tactics.
force. Use of it never solves anything.
Ford, Gerald. Man who pardoned Nixon.
foreign policy. Should be bipartisan. Congress must not give President rubber-stamp approval. Denounce bluster and macho posturing.
foxes. Reagan appoints them to guard chicken coop.
free market. Mythical. Unfair to the poor.
free speech. Must be absolute, especially for those we disagree with.
fundamentalists. Would-be ayatollahs.
Galileo. Persecuted for his ideas. Mention ancient conflict between science and religion.
ghettos. Mention rats, despair.
Gospels. Their message is essentially simple, but the churches have overlaid it with dogma and ritual.
government. Must be affirmative. Can't solve all problems.
Great Society. Undermined by Vietnam. Reagan wants to destroy its genuine accomplishments.
greed. Denounce it.
Grenada invasion. No different from what the Soviets are doing in Afghanistan.
hard-liners. Ours play into the hands of theirs.
heretics. Often vindicated in the end.
Hiss, Alger. Convicted during McCarthy hysteria. His fall propelled a young congressman named Richard Nixon to national prominence.
history. U.S. must get on the side of it. Quote Santayana.
Hollywood Ten. Victims of McCarthyism. Held unpopular ideas. Refused to testify about their friends.
homeless. Refer to their plight.
homosexuals. Entitled to full civil rights.
human needs. Sacrificed to demands of Pentagon.

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If *you* are one of the Bill Buckley fans who have asked: How can I get a copy of Buckley's *Up from Liberalism*?—here's your opportunity to finally get this famous book and save $14.00 in the bargain!

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For many years now, readers have been begging us to find them copies of this famous book; many had every **other** Buckley book and wanted to complete their collection; others had heard about it and wanted their own copy. Alas, there was nothing we could do—**Up from Liberalism** was just plain out of print. Now it's back, in a handsome new edition.

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If you remember all the controversies and personalities of the late '50s, here's the best one-book refresher course you can find anywhere. If you're too young to have lived through it all, there's no better book to illuminate it all for you. In short, **Up from Liberalism** is a book **every** conservative will want to own.

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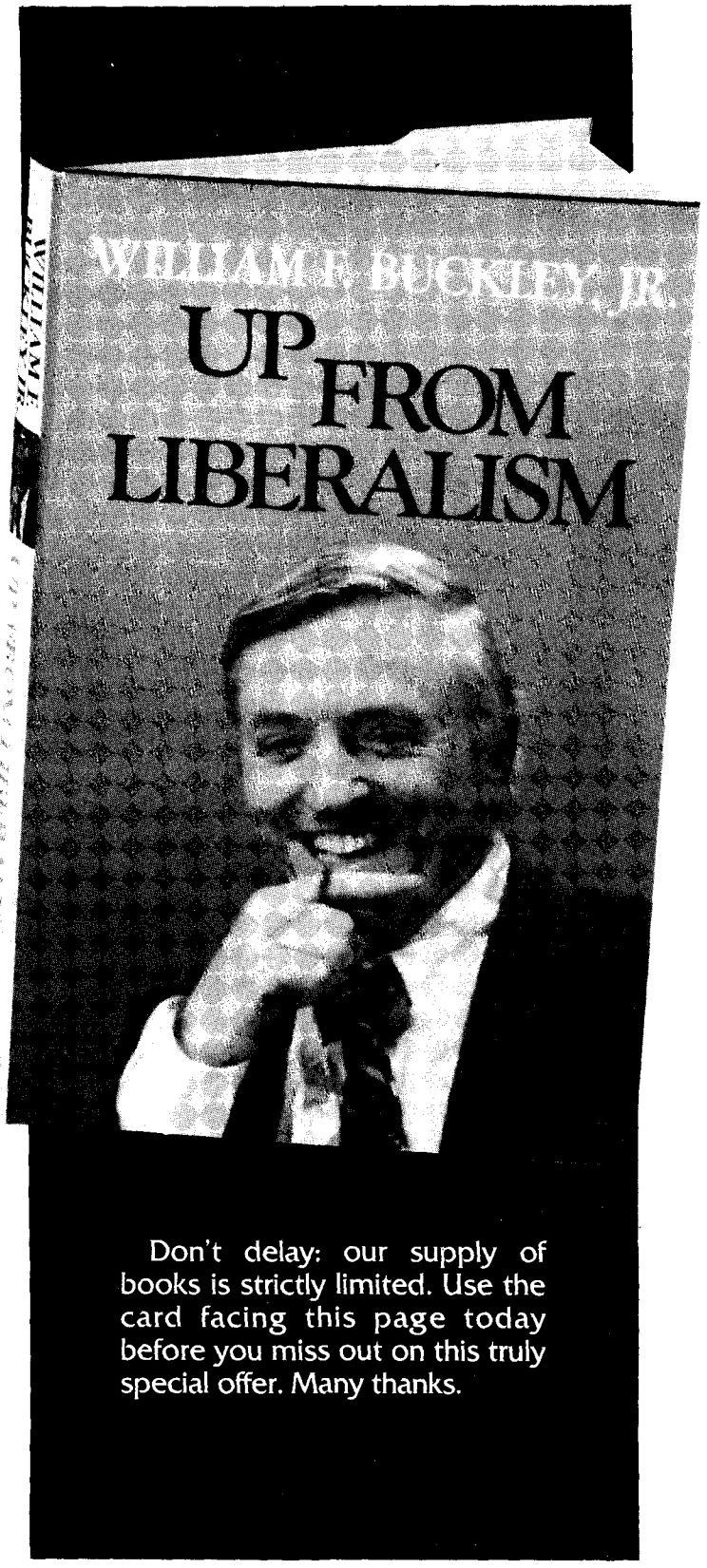

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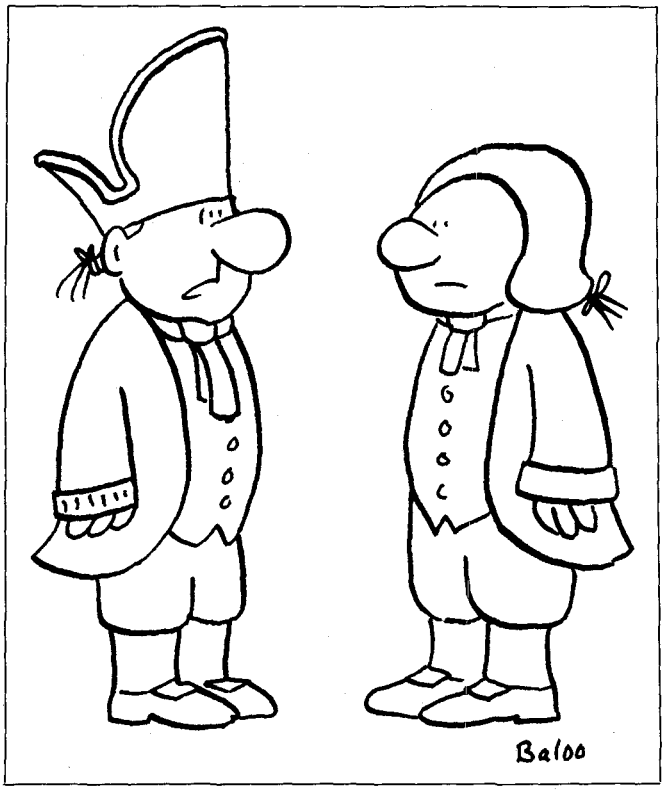

"Did you ever have one of those days when nothing *seems inalienable?"*

human rights. More important than property rights.
hunger. In the midst of plenty, a scandal.
ideas. Quote Victor Hugo.
ideological labels. Don't mean much any more. Right-wingers persist in using them.
ideology. Predict that Reagan's will founder on reality.
infrastructure. Crumbling.
inner cities. Decaying.
Inquisition. Illustrates evils done in the name of religion.
Jackson, Jesse. Dynamic orator. Has brought many blacks into political process.
Jews and blacks. Have many common enemies.
John Paul II. Reflects narrowness of his Eastern European background.
Jonestown. Illustrates evils done in the name of religion.
journalists. Open season on them.
Kennedy, John. Inspired new hope in millions. Tragically cut down by assassin's bullet.
Kent State killings. Brought the war in Indochina home.
King, Martin Luther. Awakened conscience of a nation. Tragically cut down by assassin's bullet.
Kremlin. We must encourage moderate elements within it.
Ku Klux Klan. Resurgent.
labels. Reject them.
lakes and streams. Polluted.
law. We have one for the rich, another for the poor.
lessons of Vietnam. Refer to them.
lessons of Watergate. Have we forgotten them already?
life. Ask who is to say when it begins. Quality, not sanctity, is the real issue.
limited nuclear war. Dangerous delusion.
long run. We are all dead in it.
Marcos, Ferdinand. Philippine dictator. Corrupt.
Marx, Karl. His original message has been corrupted.
mass media. Manipulated by Reagan.
McCarthy era. One of the darkest periods in our history.
Meese, Edwin. Doesn't believe hunger is real.
messenger. Should not be shot for bringing bad news.
military budget. Bloated. Diverts resources away from basic human needs.
military dictatorships. Corrupt and repressive.
millionaires. Reagan favors them.
minorities. Still underrepresented, despite a generation of civil-rights efforts.
moment of silence. Encourages prayer. Unconstitutional.
Mondale, Walter. Preacher's son. Fundamentally decent human being. Witty in private.
moon. If we can put a man on it, we can save our cities.
morality. Deeply personal. Mustn't be imposed. Can't be legislated.
Moral Majority. Is neither. Would ban *Ulysses.*
New Right. Threatens traditional two-party system. Mention "hit lists."
1984. Getting closer. *(Obsolete.)*
Nixon, Richard. Still haunts us.
nonsmokers. Have rights too.
nuclear war. Too horrible to contemplate.
obscenity. Ask who is to define it.
oil profits. Obscene.
OPEC. Cause of inflation.
organized religion. Say you don't believe in it. On balance, it may have done more harm than good.
Oswald, Lee Harvey. Lone gunman.
overpopulation. A time bomb.
ozone layer. Irreplaceable.
patriotism. Quote Dr. Johnson.
Pentagon Papers. Proved our leaders were lying to us.
Pinochet, Augusto. Chilean dictator. Corrupt.
planet. We all have to live on this one together.
poor whites. More of them than blacks on welfare rolls.
pornography. Boring. Constitutionally protected.
poverty. Abject; grinding. Often invisible.
prejudice. Product of ignorance and fear. Usually instilled by parents.
press. Watchdog of democracy. Quote Jefferson.
price increases. Hit the poor hardest.
prisons. Overcrowded. Schools for crime.
private schools. Havens of segregation.
privilege. Denounce bastions of it.
protest. Essential to democracy.
quotas. Mustn't be equated with goals and timetables.
racism. Always just beneath the surface. Subtle, hidden, latent, unconscious, or institutional.
Reagan, Ronald. Dangerous. Simplistic. Bellicose. Making war on the poor. Faces gender gap. Brought on recession and massive unemployment. Commits gaffes. Risks nuclear war. Favors his rich friends. Insensitive to minorities. Doesn't go to church, but wraps himself in mantle of religiosity. First divorced President. Runs up record deficits. Amiable.
Reaganomics. Huge transfers of wealth from the poor to the rich.
recovery. Temporary; illusory.
religion. Founding Fathers feared its influence.
repression. No solution to deep-rooted social unrest.
reproductive freedom. Precious. Endangered by self-righteous zealots.

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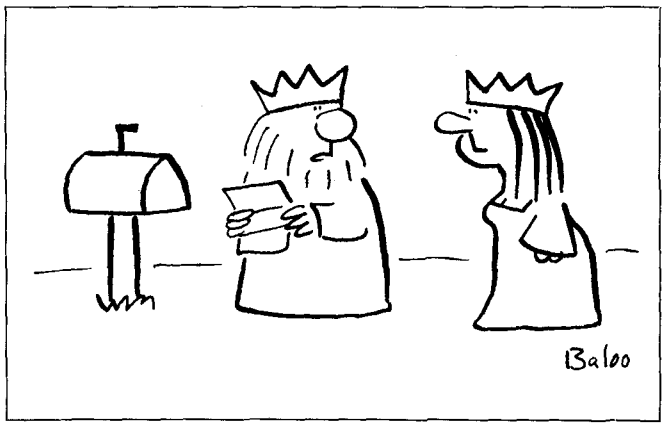
Republican Party. Being taken over from the Far Right.
restraint. Necessary in dealing with Soviets.
rich. Getting richer under Reagan.
rich and poor. Gap between them is widening.
right to speak. Quote Voltaire, adding that of course he didn't really say it.
right-wing regimes. Inherently unstable.
riots. Could happen again next summer. Conditions that gave rise to them have worsened.
Robeson, Paul. Victim of McCarthyism.
Roosevelt, Franklin D. Led us through the Depression.
Russia. Never had a democratic tradition.
Russians. Don't want war. Lost twenty million people in World War II.
school prayer. Never really voluntary.
security. Cannot be achieved with instruments of death and destruction.
sex. Discrimination based on it is unfair. Teenagers will engage in it no matter what we tell them.
sexism. Built into our very language.
shooting of Pope. No hard proof of Soviet involvement.
single-issue politics. Threat to pluralism.
Sirica, John. Authentic folk hero.
Sixties. Years of creative ferment. Idealistic.
sleaze factor. Could hurt Reagan.
social. Use this word for halo effect, as in "social change," "social conscience," "social programs," etc.
social change. Inevitable. We mustn't be opposed to it.
socialism. We already have it—for the rich.
social programs. Vital. Urgently needed.
Socrates. Persecuted for his unpopular ideas. Point to contemporary analogies.
solutions. Negotiated ones are preferable to military ones.
Solzhenitsyn, Aleksandr. As authoritarian, in his way, as the system he criticizes.
Soviet invasions. We mustn't overreact to them.
Soviet power. A reality.
Soviet threat. So-called.
Soviet Union. Basically conservative superpower. No longer truly revolutionary. Feels surrounded by hostile forces, threatened by Reagan's bellicosity.
Stalin, Josef. Betrayed ideals of the Revolution.
Star Wars defense. Would extend arms race into space. Can never be 100 per cent effective.
stereotypes. Outdated. Must be replaced by positive images.
sticks. Less effective than carrots with Soviets.
Stone, I. F. Activist journalist. Veteran gadfly. Has lost none of his irreverence.
student rebels. In the Sixties, questioned all their elders had taught them. Ask where that spirit has gone today.
superpowers. Mirror each other. Often impotent. Their relations are at an all-time low.
supply-side economics. Untested theory. Bound to fail.
Supreme Court. Under Earl Warren, bulwark of individual liberties. Express fear that it will move further rightward during Reagan's second term.
tax cuts. Inflationary. *(Obsolete.)*
taxes. Nobody *wants* to raise them.
tax loopholes. Must be closed.
teachers. Paid less than baseball players. Ask what this says about our priorities.
teenage pregnancy. Caused by inadequate sex education.
terrorism. Often used as excuse for curtailing civil liberties.
terrorists. See themselves as freedom fighters.
Third World. Unless we recognize its legitimate aspirations, it will continue to look to the Soviet Union for assistance.
torture. It is still torture, whether practiced by our foes or our allies.
true believers. Think Reagan has betrayed them.
tuition tax credits. Would violate separation of church and state.
TV. Mindless. Brought the Vietnam War into our living rooms.
twentieth century. Conservatives must be brought into it.
unemployment figures. Mention the human suffering behind the statistics.
unilateral disarmament. No one is advocating it.
unrest. Symptom of need for social change.
unwanted children. Battered, abused. No woman should be burdened with them.
Vatican II. The Church has failed to fulfill its promise.
Vietnam. Debacle. Cause of inflation.
Vietnam veterans. Traumatized.
violence. Never solves anything. We must address its root causes, not just symptoms.
Voice of America. Only by showing us, warts and all, will it remain credible. Reagan would turn it into a propaganda agency.
voluntarism. Inadequate to meet human needs.
voucher plan. Would destroy public education as we know it.
war. Obsolete as a method of resolving international disputes. Old men send young men to die in it.
Watergate. Proved the system still works.
welfare fraud. Exaggerated. Mention Pentagon cost overruns.
welfare recipients. Most would welcome jobs.
whales. Threatened with extinction. Magnificent creatures.
witch hunts. Deplore them.
women. No longer content to stay in kitchen. Earn 59 cents for every dollar men make. Mention gender gap.
women's issues. Use the formula: "X is a women's issue."
world. Complex. Interdependent. Smaller every day. Overpopulated. Poised on brink of nuclear holocaust.
world opinion. More effective than threats of force in restraining Soviets.
yellow rain. Caused by bees. No hard links to Soviets.



"We've been invited to a bring-your-own-bottle peace conference."

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THE DECLINE OF SHAME

HAS ANYONE ELSE noticed that the forced resignation of Vanessa Williams has been variously described as a "flap," a "downfall," and a "personal tragedy," but nowhere as —what it would universally have been called twenty years ago—a scandal? The tone of our national response to this story raises the question: What has become of shame? Is there anything that can still make us blush, or have our sensibilities become too coarsened, our capacity to make moral judgments too muddled?

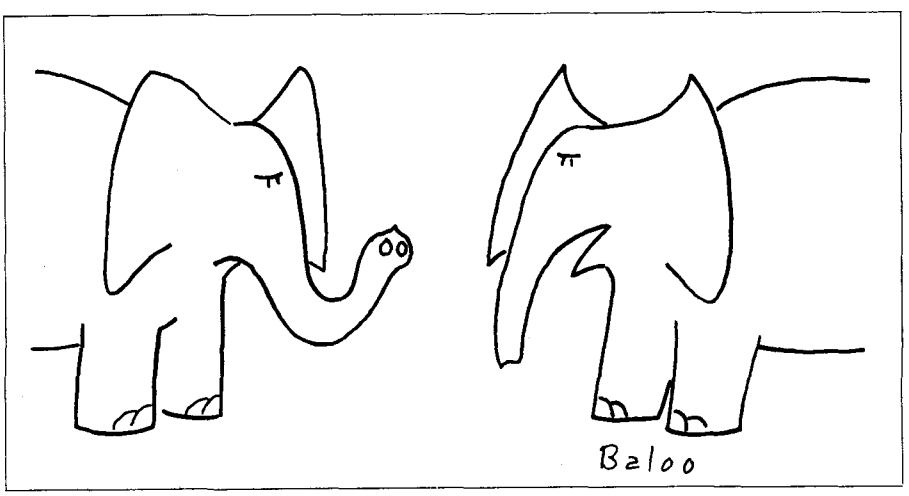
When the story first broke, the buzz of speculation centered not on how it could be that a woman of Vanessa Williams's dignity could have done what she did, but, instead, on whether or not she would "fight to save her crown." Well-wishers filled her parents' Millwood, New York, home with flowers, telegrams, and letters of encouragement. Outside the hotel where she had scheduled the press conference to announce her decision, supporters carried placards reading, "We love you Vanessa and will always respect you." Respect? Milton Williams, Vanessa's father, explained why he wanted his daughter to fight. Giving up the title, he said, "could be seen as an admission of guilt, of having done something that was wrong and distasteful, and we don't feel she did." No hint of mortification from Dad. When Miss Williams announced that she would indeed resign, the assembled reporters let out a spontaneous groan of sympathy.

In another era, Miss Williams would have been described as "a nice girl." She came from a respectable, middle-class family and attended a fine university. Twenty years ago, a nice girl like Vanessa would in all likelihood have been terrified lest her father discover that she had lost her virginity. But today, we are not surprised to see Mr. Williams stubbornly defending behavior that can only be described as obscene. It doesn't strike us as unseemly. We've grown accustomed to "progressive" attitudes about such things. And, in fact, it's easy to imagine what the response would have been if Mr. Williams's reaction had been more traditional. Suppose he had refused to talk to the press but word had leaked out that he thought his wayward daughter deserved a little trip to the woodshed. Surely the word "puritanical" would have followed him all the rest of his days. Joseph Papp, the Broadway producer, used that very term to characterize the decision of pageant officials to demand that Miss Williams surrender her title. "It's self-righteousness on the part of the pageant," he huffed, "puritanism of the worst kind."

Perhaps Mr. Papp's indignation marks the outer limits of the enlightened, modern sensibility—certainly much of Miss Williams's early support evaporated under the hot glare of the actual published photographs. And while it would be unkind to seek to add to Miss Williams's pain, we should notice that her behavior was never actually condemned by opinion-makers. On the contrary, TV interviewers, editorialists, and others have been at pains to grant Miss Williams a forgiveness she has *never requested.* Her own stated reason for resigning was the "potential harm to the pageant and the deep division that a bitter fight may cause."

Vanessa Williams acknowledged that she felt embarrassed, but she has not, as yet, shown contrition. The distinction is important. We can feel embarrassed by lots of things that are not inherently shameful: forgetting the name of a colleague just when an introduction is required, leaving a personal letter in the office Xerox machine. But we feel contrite only when we know we were wrong (or, to use another old-fashioned idea, sinful). Yet this utter lack of contrition didn't trouble Susan Taylor. She wrote in *U.S.A. Today* that "Vanessa Williams should not be held responsible . . . I don't think that any of us would want to be held accountable for everything we ever said or did." Miss Taylor doesn't explain who, if not ourselves, *should* be held accountable for our actions. Others called the episode a tragedy and wished Vanessa good luck in her entertainment career.

What indignation did surface seemed to be directed primarily at the Miss America Pageant itself. In the process,



"Don't you flare your nostrils at me!"

Miss Charen is a freelance writer living in Washington, D.C.

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the distinction between a puerile but harmless form of entertainment that millions of Americans enjoy, and vile, vicious pornography, was muddled.

"The Miss America Pageant is a glitzy cattle show," sniffed the *Washington Post*. Columnist Tom Braden found it "a sex show . . . that degrades women . . . and the degraders are men." Women Against Pornography, a group that ought to know better, circulated a press release that said in part, "The Miss America Pageant differs from *Penthouse* in degree, not in kind." This is rather like saying that electrolysis differs from electrocution "in degree, not in kind."

The same group called Bob Guccione's publication of the photographs "photographic rape." It is hard to know exactly what they mean by that. The full-benefit-of-the-doubt interpretation would seem to be that they are using the word "rape" in its most metaphorical sense and implying that Guccione's cruelty toward Miss Williams amounted to a kind of violation that, if you stretched the analogy, could be *compared* to rape. But let's come down to earth. The essence of rape, metaphorical or otherwise, is lack of consent. Vanessa Williams was foolish and arguably immoral to pose—but no one (herself included) has ever suggested that she was forced. To use the word rape in this context is part of the larger attempt to portray Miss Williams as a victim, and this further confuses the issue. Yes, bad and unscrupulous men took advantage of her—but Vanessa was a victim primarily of her own folly.

How then can we account for the morally tepid response of most opinion-makers? Part of the explanation must be Vanessa Williams herself. One can scarcely imagine a more sympathetic figure. She was undeniably "more sinned against than sinning" (she was foolish; Guccione was cruel and greedy). Moreover, throughout the humiliating episode she conducted herself with a poise and grace quite remarkable under the circumstances. But Miss Williams's comportment can't be the full explanation. No one was shocked. No one was censorious. Why? It must be that her behavior was simply not regarded as all that scandalous. A ready forgiveness suggests a small infraction. Try to imagine what the public response would be if it were to come to light that one of our hero athletes, a gold medalist at the Olympics, had once been a pimp. If the country responded with the sort of jaded shrug it has given Miss Williams's conduct, we would have to conclude that pimpery just isn't regarded as terribly shameful any more.

But, it may be asked, what possible good would it do to condemn the poor girl? The answer is that a condign fear of public shame serves important social functions, and we ought to think twice before abandoning it in the name of progressivism, or enlightenment, or whatever.

Without question, it is a harsh punishment to make someone feel publicly humiliated. But consider the alternative. Without fear of shame to inhibit them, people's conduct will be constrained only by the force of law. And as Jacques Saurin said, "The law often allows what honor forbids." Another aspect of this sordid story illustrates what we can expect from people who are beyond shame.

If there is unanimity on anything, it is that *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione's behavior was loathsome. A lot of noisy condemnation of Guccione made its way into the press. But there are several things to bear in mind about his role. In the first place, it points up just what a slender reed the law can be if you rely on it to enforce ethics and morals. Mr. Guccione's actions were well within the law. Second, if he were not utterly *shameless* (another old-fashioned idea), his detestable magazine would not even exist. But most important, his conduct is perfectly consistent with his worm's-eye view of the world. His is the moral stature we can expect from a pornographer. When one realm of ethics and morality is abandoned—particularly in an area like sexuality, which can so debase human dignity—all of the others are likely to follow. This man doesn't blink at sado-masochistic bestiality. Should we expect him then to blush, to display delicacy of sentiment, at the thought of embarrassing Miss America?

"Man," said Mark Twain, "is the only animal that blushes . . . or needs to." This sorry tale should remind us just how much we need to. □

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THE STATE OF THE BAY STATE

BEING A Republican in Massachusetts is not exactly illegal. But it is also not particularly honorable or, for a politician, useful. *Decriminalized* maybe captures the flavor. Registered Republicans account for 15 per cent of the electorate, a dim third behind Democrats and Independents. The last Republican elected statewide was Edward Brooke, who lost his Senate seat in 1978. Reagan carried the state in 1980, but only because John Anderson ran super-strong there, and even then his margin was less than three thousand votes.

The scraps are hotly disputed nevertheless. Six years ago, the nominations for governor and senator were sharply contested, and there was another fight for the gubernatorial nomination in 1982. About the only thing that was free for the asking was the privilege of running against the almighty himself, Ted Kennedy. The lucky man turned out to be a first-time candidate, Raymond Shamie, who was, of course, trounced, though by a smaller margin —61 to 38 per cent—than any other opponent since Kennedy's first election. Now Shamie wants another crack at the Senate.

Two years ago, he was short, greying, genial, and I suspect basically reserved. Today there is a little more salt in amongst the pepper, but the rest still holds. Two years ago, also, he campaigned like an amateur. The behavior of other politicians, who molt illusions as snakes shed skins, seemed genuinely to surprise and shock him. Teddy, for instance, was ducking a debate. But how could that *be*? Didn't he want to discuss *issues*? (Shamie offered $10,000 to anyone who could manage to set up a contest, and hired airplanes to trail the message over Patriots games and other public events. Kennedy finally conceded.) "I used to think," he now says, "if I made a speech, everybody would see, and come aboard. Unfortunately, most people aren't listening. They have jobs, families, personal concerns. Do they have to run the government too? They hire a candidate and expect he'd run it as they would. Personal appeal counts more than issues, I'm sorry to say. I wish it weren't true." He tapped my knee for emphasis (we were on our way to an appearance). "It would be a different country if every citizen were to devote thirty minutes a day to serious reading. It would be a different world."

So he has changed. And not changed. He was born in 1921, in Brooklyn; his father was Syrian, by way of Canada, and his mother was French. When Ray was 16, his father died in an accident, and Ray drove a truck to support the family. Later on, he invented a precision pump, which his employers at the time weren't interested in. So he started his own company, Metal Bellows, and is now a millionaire. (Kennedy, of course, could buy and sell him; we're not talking about the *very* rich.) Since 1982, he has set up another company, Infusaid, to produce an implantable pump that injects drugs into the bloodstream. (The technology came from aerospace; Metal Bellows supplied two hundred parts for the space shuttle.) The pump is currently being tested at Dartmouth for the treatment of Alzheimer's disease.

Shamie announced his candidacy in November. The incumbent was Paul Tsongas, the man who beat Brooke. He would probably have been as tough an opponent as Kennedy—a supple liberal, without the name, but also without the negatives. Still, Shamie was gung-ho. Then in January, Tsongas, suffering from lymphatic cancer, pulled out of the race.

Shamie went, after taping a cable talk show, to a dinner of supporters at a fish place on the North Shore—the rubber-haddock circuit. He campaigns as a forthright Reaganite. His big issue is taxes, and he took on Walter Mondale's pledge to raise them. "It's a crazy idea. When has raising taxes

The More Things Change . . .

"*Plus ça change*," as in French the platitude goes—
And, boy, are they savvy!—"*plus c'est la même chose.*"
And yet though at times change improves life, it's true,
The old ways are better sometimes than the new.
So how can a seeker for light win the game
Of knowing what's better, what's worse, what's the same?

I opt for the same and especially in
Confusions drowned out by political din
Where old and new, Left and Right, and in between
Say different things but what all of them mean
Is "Sacrifice willingly now and don't cry;
You'll reap rich rewards in the sweet by-and-by."

—CORINNA MARSH

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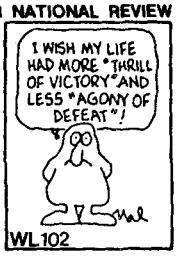

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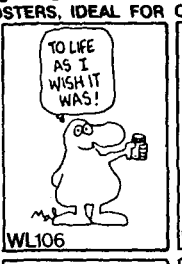

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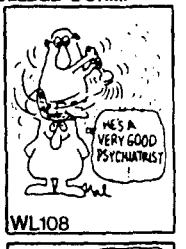

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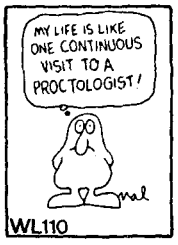

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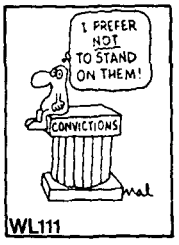

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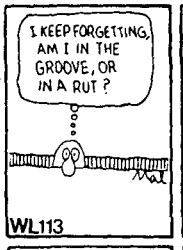

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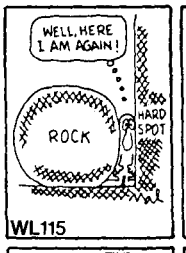

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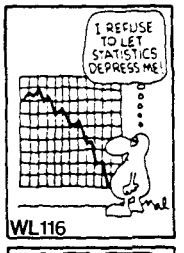

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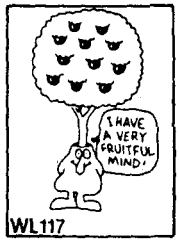

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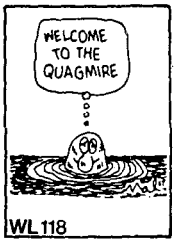

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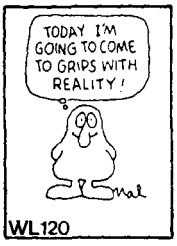

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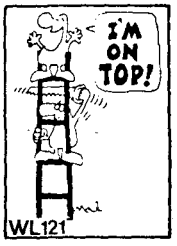

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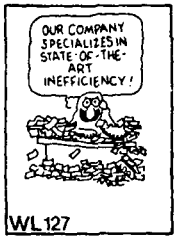

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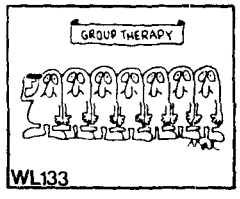

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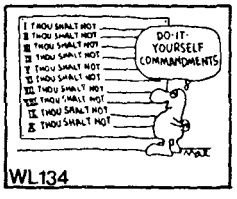

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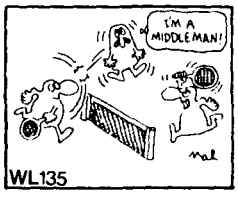

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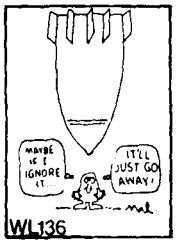

WL136

WL137

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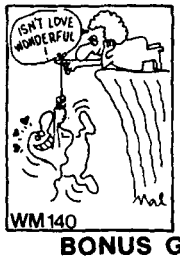

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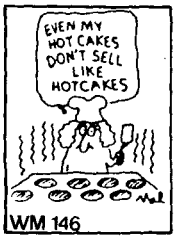

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ever lowered deficits?" He recalled sly old Bob Dole, promising in 1982 that the tax rise would help dig us out of the red. No such luck. "If you give money to Washington, they don't apply it to deficits, they spend it. That's history speaking." Shamie also supports a balanced-budget amendment, the line-item veto, and a flat tax.

He had taken his medical pump—about the size of a hockey puck—along to the taping, and as he finished, he showed it again. "All this comes out of private enterprise." It's his biography, and his credo.

Tsongas's withdrawal encouraged a second Republican hopeful. (The primary will be on September 18.) If a scriptwriter had been asked to supply a foil for Shamie, he would not have dared to create one as extreme as Elliot Richardson.

Richardson had been out of the state for 15 years, so he has programmed a busy schedule for himself. He is not a born campaigner. He talks like Dylan Thomas's imitation of T. S. Eliot, and his body language when he goes in for a handshake—both knees slightly bent—suggests that he yearns secretly for the quick getaway. He works hard, though, and looks in every eye.

He started a day working Merrimack Street in Lowell. One of the first eyes, alas, belonged to a drunk. He had something on his mind. "All those resources in the world, y'know—why aren't they shared, y'know?" It sounded like the Law of the Sea treaty, but Richardson demurred: "Well then, there'd be government interference." Things picked up further down the street. At the door of an old textile plant, now taken over by the National Park Service, he was interviewed for a local TV station.

He too has an issue, and it is the deficit—the most serious domestic crisis, his aides will tell you, since the Second World War. Would he raise taxes, the newswoman asked. "Clearly," he began, "we must do everything possible to reduce spending." The defense budget should not increase at a rate greater than the growth of the economy. The report of the Grace Commission should also be studied for cuts. "Only after all that" would taxes be raised. He mentions closing loopholes, and "get[ting] at the underground economy." In short: Yes. Inside the mills, in a boutique, he gets a boost from a shopper. "That man did a very fine job in Washington and deserves to be back."

Watergate was the summit of Richardson's career, but not by any means the whole of it. He has a *vita* that makes George Bush look like an underachiever. He was born in Boston in 1920, and was at Utah Beach forty years ago (he has a purple heart with oak-leaf clusters). Since then, he has had his ticket punched just about everywhere: Assistant Secretary of HEW; Lieutenant Governor and Attorney General of Massachusetts; Under Secretary of State; Secretary of HEW; Secretary of Defense; Attorney General; ambassador to England; Secretary of Commerce. He performed the last two tasks for Gerald Ford, and took a most dim view of the Reagan challenge (Reagan's proposals, he remarked at the time, "would not survive ten minutes of consecutive thought"). Jimmy Carter tapped him to represent the United States at the Law of the Sea negotiations (which do not survive unless you spend four years of consecutive thought).

The down side of all this expe-

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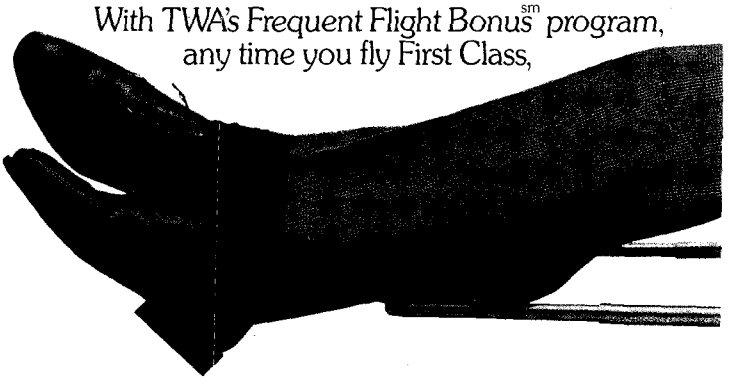

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rience, at least politically, is that he makes George Bush look like an outsider. Massachusetts politics are still surprisingly ethnic, and his particular *ethnos* has been losing ground longer than the whites in Rhodesia have. *Boston* magazine described a Richardson fundraiser as "17 people with 51 last names." VOTE FOR ELLIOT, was the headline on a mock front page at a recent roast, HE'S BETTER THAN YOU.

Richardson worked a blue-collar social club and the parking lot of the corporate headquarters of Wang with equal determination. He ended his day with a reception for supporters on a lawn off a high, Victorian street.

It is easy to jib at Washingtonians like Richardson, maybe too easy. (Someone has to work there.) In a thirty-year career, no one has questioned his integrity or his technical competence. It's probably Washington's fault, as much as his own, that his eye is so resolutely off the ball.

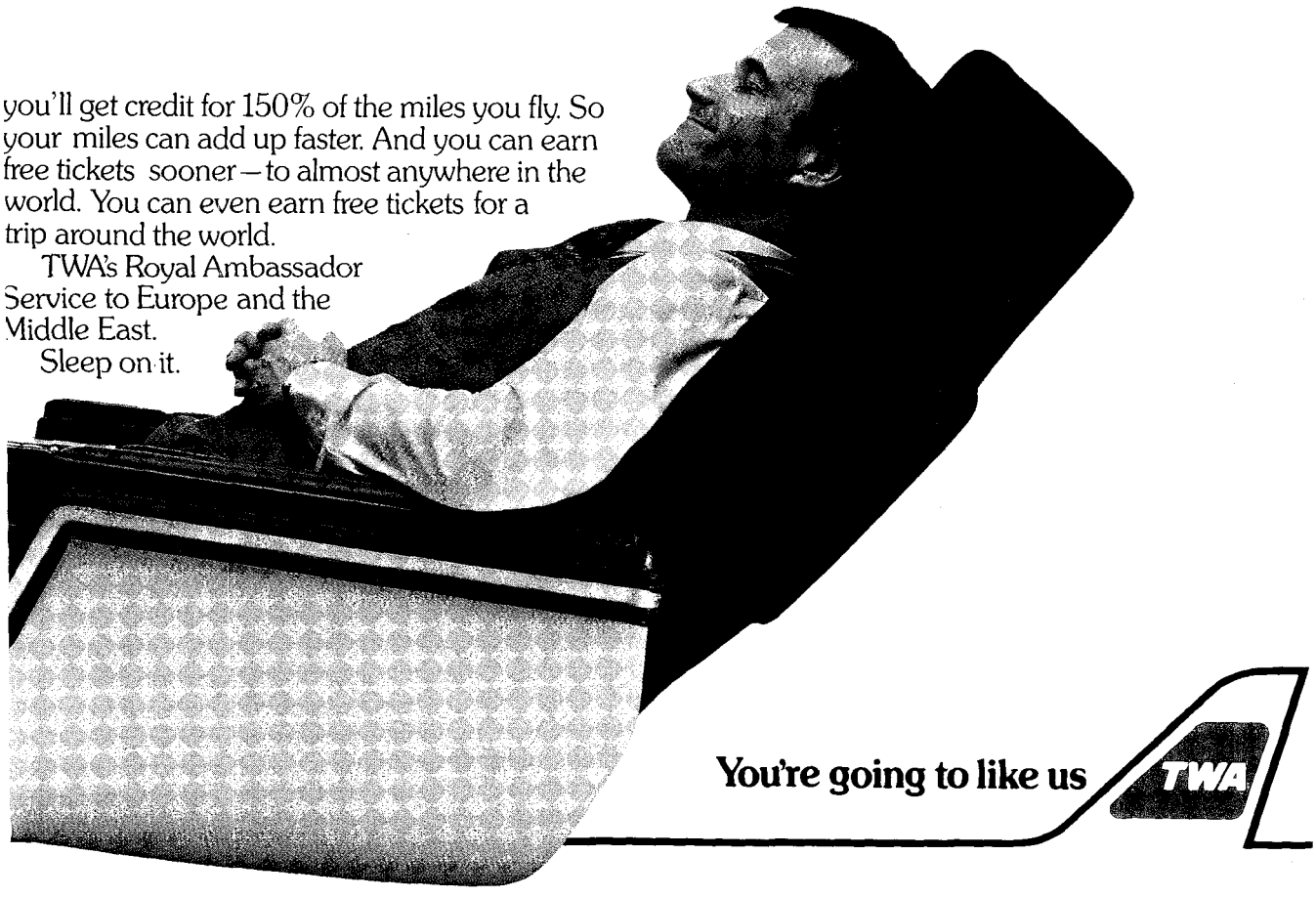
I WILL NOT feign detachment from the congressional race in the Fifth District. Greg Hyatt, the likely Republican candidate for the seat—there is a nominal primary opponent—was two years ahead of me at Yale. He introduced me to G. K. Chesterton (*Heretics*, which I still prefer to *Orthodoxy*). He listened when the girl wouldn't. And, from time to time, he put me in my place—an essential service to freshmen.

But there is also a public record. The one solid conservative achievement in the state of Massachusetts over the last few years occurred in 1980—the passing of Proposition 2½, Massachusetts's Proposition 13, which limited real-estate taxes to 2.5 per cent of the assessed valuation. Proposition 2½ was an uphill battle against all the entrenched forces of the state—unions, media, Beacon Hill, big business. One of the leaders of that struggle was Greg Hyatt.

The Fifth includes both depressed Lowell and Lawrence, and the Boston bedroom of Framingham. The area returned Republicans until Watergate. James Shannon, a three-term incumbent, is a protégé of Tip O'Neill's, a high-taxer and a critic of the Grenada invasion. But when Tsongas announced his pullout, Shannon decided to take a shot at the senatorial nomination on the Democratic side. Two state senators, meanwhile, have joined a bitter battle for the Democratic nod in the Fifth.

Hyatt was born in Methuen in 1953. (His last name—his only one—was originally Armenian.) He graduated from Yale in 1975. He came to the campaign for Proposition 2½ at a critical moment. Massachusetts's referendum laws are intricate and cumbrous. The proposition was ruled off the ballot in 1978 on a legal niggle. Hyatt first directed, then advised, Citizens for Limited Taxation, the pro-2½ lobbying group, and stumped the state for two years. The proposition carried the state—and the Fifth District—by a 2 to 1 margin. (Both of Hyatt's political opponents assailed it.) Today Hyatt backs a flat tax at 15 per cent, the line-item veto, and a balanced-budget amendment.

The Massachusetts congressional delegation now has only one Republican, Silvio Conte, a mossy veteran from the western end of the state. Greg Hyatt already has one success under his belt. With any luck, he will double the Bay State's Republican contingent in the fall. □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THE CALVARY OF THE EMIGRE WRITER

MANY YEARS AGO, while teaching at a small Northwestern university, I decided to write a short story in which Hitler and Stalin, two refugee professors of political science, meet in early September for registration at a "typical small university somewhere in America." Before the incoming students, who had never heard of them ("How do you spell your name, Professor Hitler?"), the two look at each other, burst out in laughter or tears—I had not decided which—and embrace. The best of colleagues from then on—comrades in exile.

Not all refugees get along so well. Bankers or scholars can pursue their careers in the United States without too much dislocation, since the language of finance and scholarship is almost universally translatable. But the novelist, the poet, the essayist faces a tragedy. In his homeland he had achieved maturity and fame; as a refugee he is torn not only from the sights and sounds that enchanted his childhood, but also from his mother tongue. It is an irreplaceable tool; the true writer sees and comprehends the world through language. No object is the same in another tongue, not the trees, not the sky, not joy, suffering, or love. The scholar can turn to multilingual files and reflect on what he has learned in English one day, and in German the next. But Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn or Milan Kundera cannot do so; they would first have to relearn the world.

Still, there are degrees of exile, so to speak. The Cuban poet Armando Valladares, freed from Castro's Gulag, plunges into an ocean of Spanish-speaking people. His poems from the dungeon, with their fresh imprint of suffering, can be read in Spain or Argentina. Not so the novels and poems of Hungary's greatest writers, Sandor Marai and Gyula Illyes: Alien to the cozy family of Indo-European languages, Hungarian, Finnish, and Turkish are very nearly untranslatable. The exiled writer of isolated tongues is exiled twice over.

But this is not the end of the refugee writer's calvary. (Even a Solzhenitsyn—how long can he remember, in Vermont, the smell of the dust on Russian roads, the feel of Russian trees, the sound of streams through Russian meadows?) A third exile waits for him. While he struggles against despair in foreign lands, the language that gave substance to his art is itself changing, evolving, degenerating in the homeland. Soviet Russian is no longer the language of Tolstoy. Hungarian under Communism has been brutalized; it has become an obscenity. The Party language, with its lies, propaganda, and false promises, debases the *word*; realities break down into slogans, and no writer gives them immortal life. In the schools, a few courageous teachers instill the love of words. But by and large diversity has disappeared along with "class society"; Party newspeak prevails, heavy, stereotyped, plodding from one safe formula to the next.

For whom does the refugee writer write? For a vanishing public. His fellow exiles—his potential readers—have also had to start a new life abroad, among different nations and cultures. Some now speak their native tongue only haltingly; their vocabulary becomes limited and coarse, and their children forget the language altogether, let alone the sweet flavor of its sounds. The writer himself, like the paper he writes on, is being recycled. He writes for an almost invisible public, his books printed by ephemeral publishing houses and sold at charity gatherings.

A Life Divided

In short, in the midst of freedom of speech, he turns into a samizdat author, stealing time here and there for his writing, since he works from 9 to 5 in an office or at some menial job. Rare visitors from the old country or from the diaspora come to see him. For a moment, he basks in the feeble light of recognition, and the old beloved words flow unimpeded like wine or vodka. Until the moment when the conversation turns to the present and local events. Then the old words no longer suffice, talk slips into English, Spanish, German.

The refugee writer is torn; he wears a mask on which one painted eye

Anticipating the Communist takeover, Thomas Molnar fled his native Hungary in 1946, passing through a Soviet frontier post without papers (cost: one bottle of brandy). He was arrested in Brussels (no passport) and jailed for two months with suspected Nazi collaborators. He studied philosophy, history, and French literature at the University of Brussels and received his doctorate from Columbia, having been accepted as a doctoral student as the result of a personal plea to Dwight Eisenhower, then president of Columbia. He has taught at Rutgers, Oregon, Sacred Heart (San Francisco), C. W. Post, and Yale among others, has traveled widely, and has published 25 books, some written in English, some in French. Mr. Molnar credits his escape from the exile's calvary he describes here to his bilingualism and the fact that he "swims with relative ease in two worlds, American and European."

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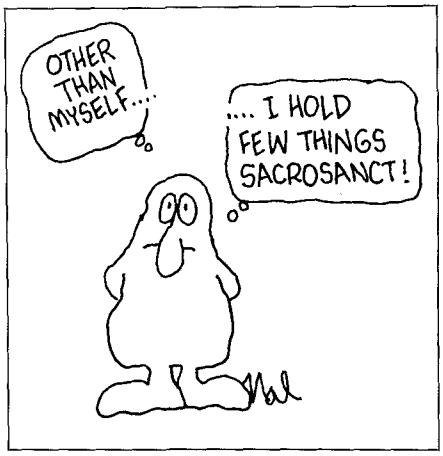
cries, the other laughs. But, you say, at least he has the comfort of his fellow writers, in whose company he can roll the golden words and sonorous phrases. You are mistaken. As a class, writers, scholars, intellectuals are vain, more jealous of each other's successes than Olympic champions or opera stars. Their émigré associations are vipers' nests. They fight over the few crumbs of recognition, the fragile publishing houses, the magazines that seem always to publish the rival poet or short-story writer. Every writer knows exactly when his competitor left the mother country, because the date of dissidence infallibly indicates the degree of servitude to the hated regime that the new refugee was willing to accept: By the date of their dissidence shall you know them. Obviously, the more recent the dissidence, the more suspect the newly arrived writer. Obviously too, he deserves no financial assistance, no friendly help. The country from which he has escaped knows how to exploit these conflicts and jealousies, how to weaken and tempt the exiled writer. Solzhenitsyn's new book, *Our Pluralists*, is a good illustration of the developing vipers' nest among Soviet émigrés. In it he charges his fellow dissidents—liberals, socialists, social-democrats—with the sin of succumbing to Western temptations.

Going Home

The exiled writer's last resort is also the saddest. As age approaches, his allegiances are torn between the homeland he had to flee and the new home in which he remains a foreigner and leads an alien existence. So the writer tries to go home, to the place where his vision and style were born. To go home gradually, as it were, by first making a few "diplomatic" moves toward the hated regime. He seems now to beg: Give me a last chance to express myself, to be printed and heard in my native tongue, in touch with the only public which, after all that has happened, can still understand me. The language is debased, youth is brutal and arrogant, the Party all-powerful—but the orchards along the country roads smell delightful in the spring, and the garden fence in the village is of the same mouldering wood as before.

Thus the long road back begins, and a price must be paid. Writer X, in



exile for decades and a tower of opposition to the regime, now publishes articles in magazines, speaks on the radio, and occasionally he quotes Marx and Engels. Not yet Lenin or the local leader, but that will come too. They promise to publish a book or two of his, expurgated of course. The writer then undergoes an astonishing metamorphosis. The regime methodically strips away his self-respect. Thus while not really gaining support from home, the writer loses his moral capital in exile. Why does he find himself in this predicament? When all is said and done, it is because the value of words is stronger, more important to him than all his hopes, fears, human ties and interests, stronger than principle and integrity. If he dies in exile, his grave will not become a national symbol, a gathering place for future generations, soil in which resistance to a future oppressive regime may germinate. Instead, he will be one of many unknown soldiers, his grave traceless, somewhere in the wide world.

His words, flying back home, are then the sole link to the past, to the earth, to the roots of meaning. Solzhenitsyn may be the prince of exiled writers, Czeslaw Milosz may receive the Nobel Prize, Valladares may mix in his crown of laurel the leaves of martyrdom—they still inhabit that strange land, Exiledom. Their patron saint was not himself a writer, yet a man of rather substantial ideas, called Socrates. Offered a choice between exile and death, he did not hesitate for a moment. True, had he chosen exile, he would have remained in Greek-speaking territory; but no stream in Thebes or Corinth flows as sweetly as agile Ilissos, and the groves where he talked with eager young men provided a shade softer than those of Thessaly or Megara. □

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THE FEDERAL SQUEEZE

"I TREMBLE for my country," Thomas Jefferson once wrote, "when I reflect that God is just." Strange things are being done in the name of justice in this long-feared year of 1984. Consider the shell game the government is playing with young lower-income Americans wishing to attend college. Let's look at two hypothetical cases.

Mary Smith, who graduated with honors from a Detroit high school this spring, is the daughter of an autoworker and a schoolteacher. Mary wants to be a doctor, but her parents can't afford college tuition on their own. However, Mary is eligible for a Basic Educational Opportunity Grant (BEOG), and was hoping that it would permit her to enroll at the college of her choice, little Hillsdale in southern Michigan. Mary likes Hillsdale's excellent pre-med program, the fact that it was one of the first colleges in the country to enroll women on an equal footing with men, and the opportunities she would have on its nationally regarded women's athletic teams. Unfortunately, Mary Smith cannot spend her federal tuition grant at Hillsdale College. An act of Congress, reaffirmed earlier this year, with one hand gives Mary a check for her college costs and, with the other, forbids her to use that check at Hillsdale, in the name of equal opportunity for women.

It isn't that anyone has ever accused Hillsdale of sex discrimination, but that the school's principled stand in favor of genuinely private education offends the public-sector busybodies in Washington.

Bill Jones of Chicago did a hitch in the Army after finishing high school several years ago, and he is now eligible for veterans' benefits. Bill is attracted to Hillsdale because of the fine business training he can get there, and also because, as a black, he knows the school was graduating blacks as early as the 1850s. Unfortunately, Bill Jones cannot use his GI benefits at Hillsdale any more than Mary Smith can apply her BEOG there. Federal law says this is one campus that is off-limits to Bill and other recipients of veterans' benefits, black or white, male or female.

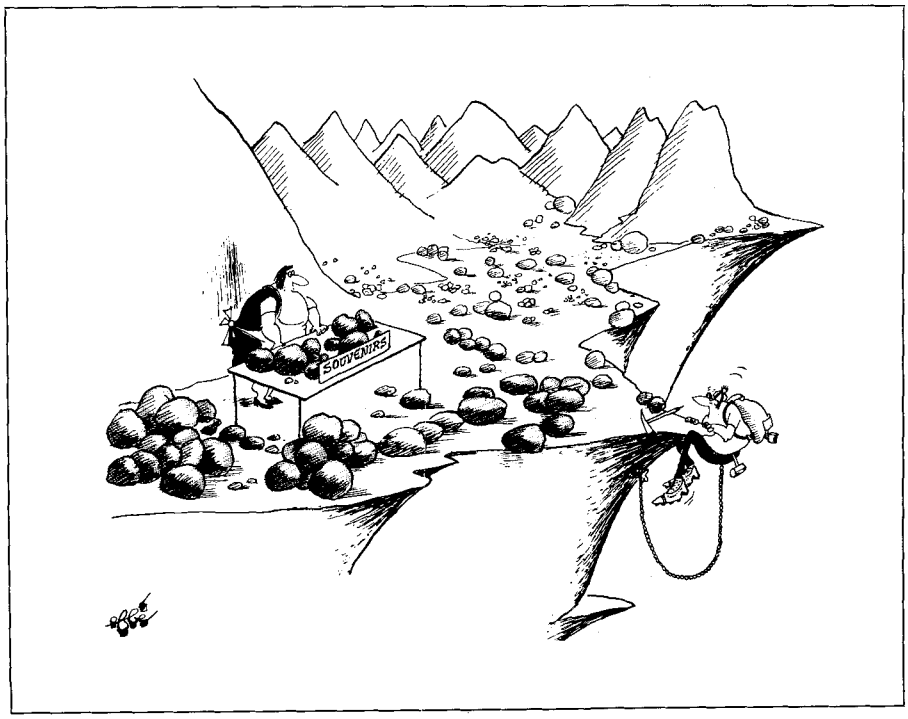
It isn't that Hillsdale College has been unfair to minorities. Far from it, as the record shows. No, the government's complaint is that Hillsdale approaches education as a private, voluntary relationship between the student and the institution. For 140 years it has said no thank you to both government aid and government control. But the state has a way of insisting on having the last word. A Supreme Court decision on Title IX earlier this year holds in effect that unless Hillsdale complies with certain federal regulations no federally aided students can enroll there.

Faced with that choice, what would you do? Probably what Hillsdale's trustees voted to do when the controversy first started back in 1975, and are now ready to do in the wake of the Supreme Court ruling. Hillsdale will protect its integrity as a private, independent college by refusing any federal bureaucratic supervision. At the same time, Hillsdale will protect the Bill Joneses and Mary Smiths by raising private scholarship funds to replace government student-aid money.

IT WILL BE costly. About one-third of Hillsdale's one thousand students last year received federal assistance. Hillsdale will have to raise nearly $1 million a year from private sources, and that figure is sure to grow in coming years. But this, apparently, is the price of real independence for a college or university in the Title IX era.

It all started when Congress passed

(Continues on page 61)



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Mr. Roche is president of Hillsdale College and chairman of the National Council on Educational Research.

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THE KREMLIN AND THE ELECTION

IN THE remote pre-revolutionary past, Russians viewed the West rather ambiguously. On the one hand they saw it as a hotbed of materialism, leftism, promiscuity, and frivolity, and found it surprising that the decadent West had the audacity to disdain Russia as "backward." Yet, much as they claimed to be shocked by the West, the Russians were also dazzled by it; even Dostoyevsky has words of admiration and affection for it in his diaries and novels. With the advent of Communism, however, there came an abrupt change. Ambiguity was replaced by the Party line.

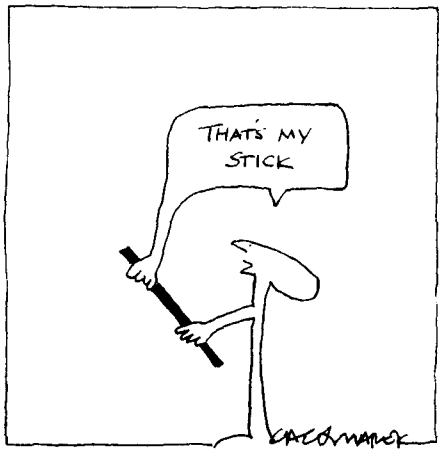
At first, under the new dispensation, the United States was not treated as a part of the West. Instead, it was considered to be, like Communist Russia itself, a "new country" averse to hidebound tradition and predominantly devoted to industry and technology. A curious sort of pro-Americanism surfaced during the late Twenties and early Thirties, inspired by the American pilgrims who came in large numbers to the Soviet Union. These American Communists spread the word that "Communism is twentieth-century Americanism." Unfortunately, many of their compatriots believed this.

It was in the Soviet Union, in 1930 and 1931, that I met Americans for the first time in my life, and most of them were ideologically blind. Only a very few of them were able to go over into the future and see that it did *not* work.

As the Soviet regime grew older, its view of America changed. Such a progressive, enlightened country, industrially and technologically oriented, with no monarchical tradition, was simply *bound* to become Communist—so what was it waiting for? Politically backward countries like Thailand, Italy, Abyssinia could be excused, but surely not the United States! It seemed unforgivable that this marvelously modern and progressive country continued to be ruled by monopoly capitalism, by great international companies bent on enslaving and exploiting the rest of the world. The Soviet disappointment was followed by revulsion and, finally, by rage and hatred.

To understand the present Soviet attitude toward the United States, it helps to have witnessed the evolution of the American image in the USSR. While once the Soviets were prisoners of all the old European clichés concerning the United States, they have now become prisoners of their own doctrine. To get an insight into this, one must read minor Soviet authors like August Jakobson, who in his play *Shakaly* features a Southern military capitalist called McKennedy (!) in whose chemical plants blacks are used as guinea pigs. Since such minor literary works are rarely translated, the West never really understands the lengths to which the Soviet establishment will go to damage the United States in the eyes of Soviet subjects.

Basically, the Soviets have two distinct ways of retaliating against "apostate America" for its rejection of Communism. The first and most obvious method is to increase their aggressive military potential. The second way is far more subtle. While they are building their war machine, they never cease searching for collaborators and sympathizers to further their cause. Since the American Communist Party is too small to represent any serious force, the Kremlin carefully examines the American scene, cultivating any individuals or organizations that appear to be "progressive."



WHETHER Americans realize it or not, the Soviets have their tentacles out and hope, if only by remote control, to play a part in our election-year politics. Whether they are playing their hand shrewdly is another question—they have a tendency to overplay it, as they showed during the West German elections last year. Naturally, this November they want the defeat of Ronald Reagan, the Republican Party, and the conservative movement. Their trump cards in the game are the "useful idiots"—and there are lots of them in the mass media, the halls of academe, the various churches, and the foreign-policy establishment.

Americans, of course, want peace and dread an atomic war, and the coming elections therefore give the Soviets a splendid opportunity to intervene. Those benighted people who only pray that the crocodile may eat them last will know whom to vote for, thanks to the useful idiots. Judging from the steady stream of vituperation the Kremlin is aiming at Ronald Reagan, it seems fairly clear that Walter Mondale is Moscow's choice, whether the Democrats know it or not. Many Europeans have sensed this and are becoming alarmed.

The realization that the Democratic Party is the Kremlin's choice in the coming election must be highly uncomfortable to Americans at large, to say nothing of the Democratic Party. But such is the global situation. North America is no longer a gigantic safe island insulated from the rest of the world. The tragedy of the Old World is now America's drama too. □

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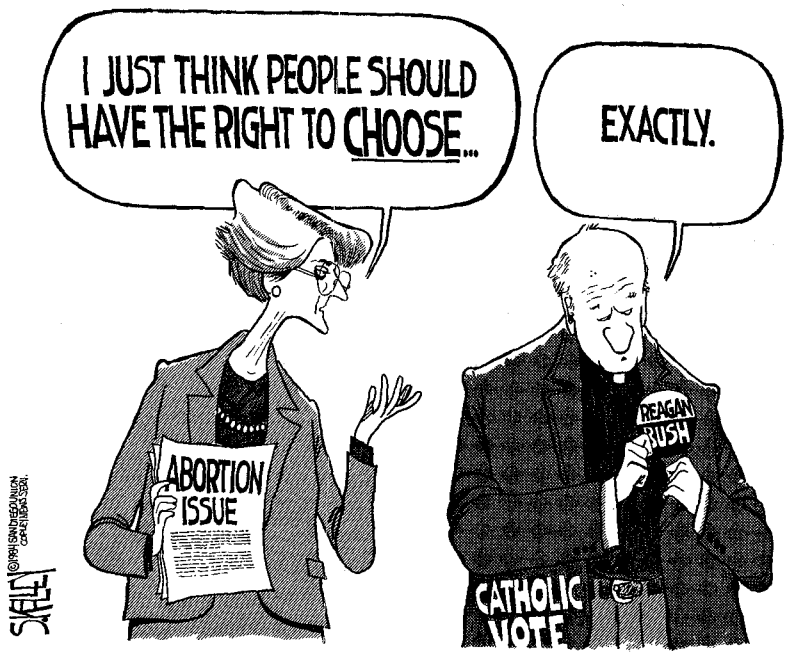
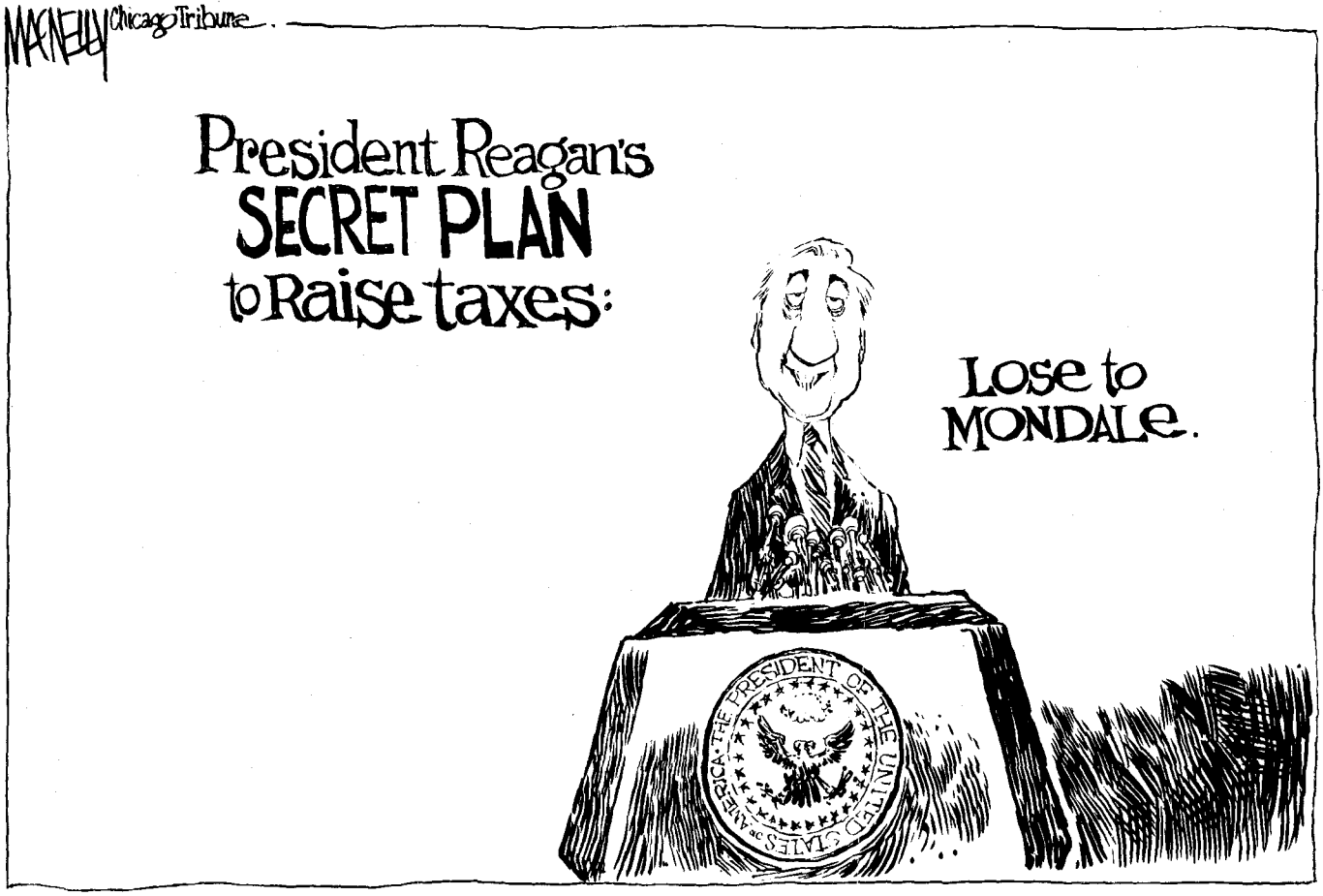


Is Everybody Happy?

Rhodesia, where the white man ran
  A state that chilled the *New York Times*,
Has gone where fallen countries go,
  And in the capital, the chimes
Are pealing for a new regime,
  While pictures of the British Queen
Have been replaced with Lenin's and
  Suggest a somewhat different scene.

W. H. von Dreele


MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
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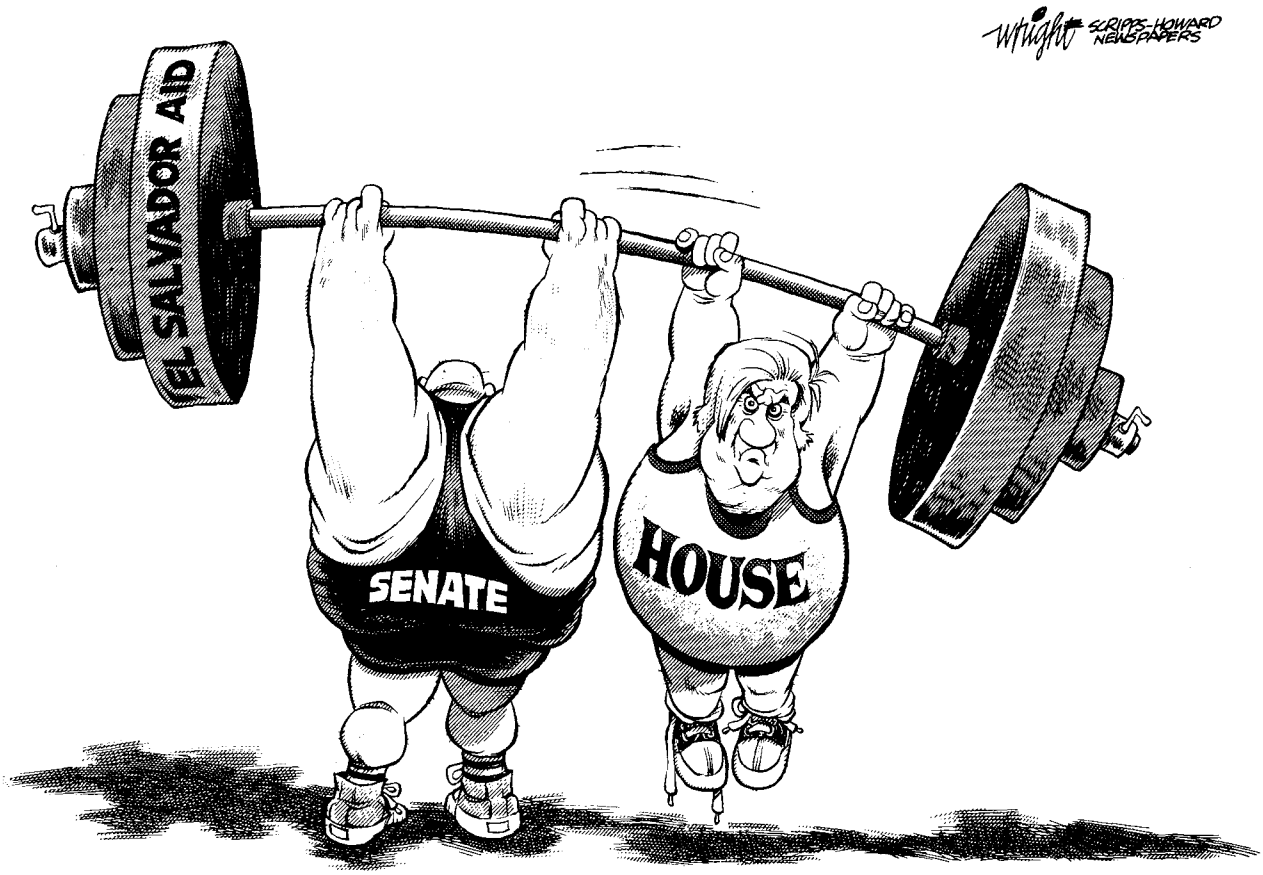
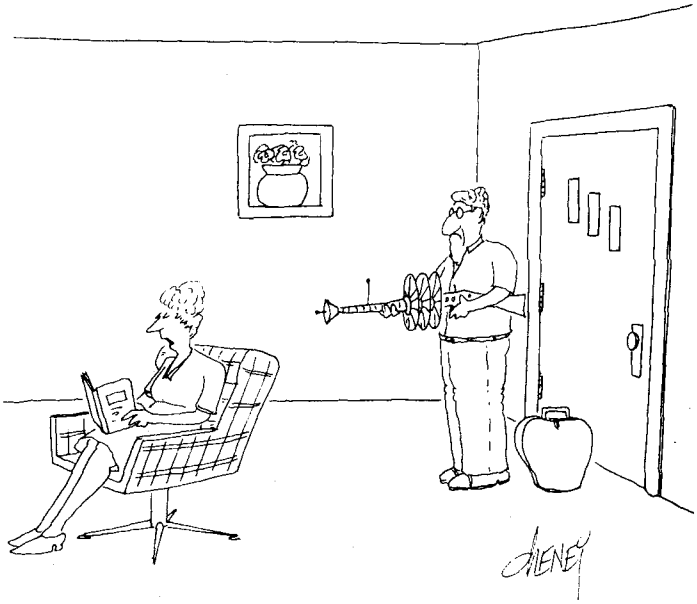
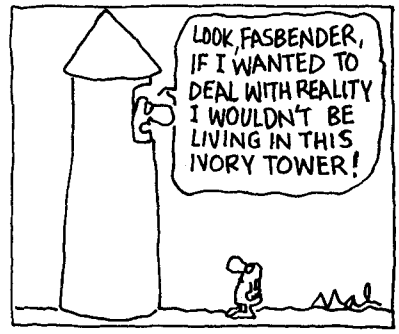


"I'm afraid of burning bright in the forests of the night."



"Yes, Howard, I heard you. If I don't let you go bowling, then you'll turn me into a cloud of randomly moving sub-atomic particles."



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congressio laeta

BEING RELEASED from burdens and free once again to travel, Ada and I left the Berry Patch late one spring morning and drove to a small town in southern New Hampshire, where, at the top of a hill, in a fork of the road, in a little grove of sugar maples already tapped, we found a little red schoolhouse, built in 1866—the retirement home of the illustrious classicist Frederic M. Wheelock and his wife, Dorothy.

Chickadees and a downy woodpecker were at the feeding station near one window. A congregation of crocuses along the walk was beginning to show color. A chipmunk jumped out of a planter and dived into his den between two flagstones at the front steps. Ada rings the bell and we shall soon meet your typical classicist: short, sinewy, spry, dainty, with twinkling eye.

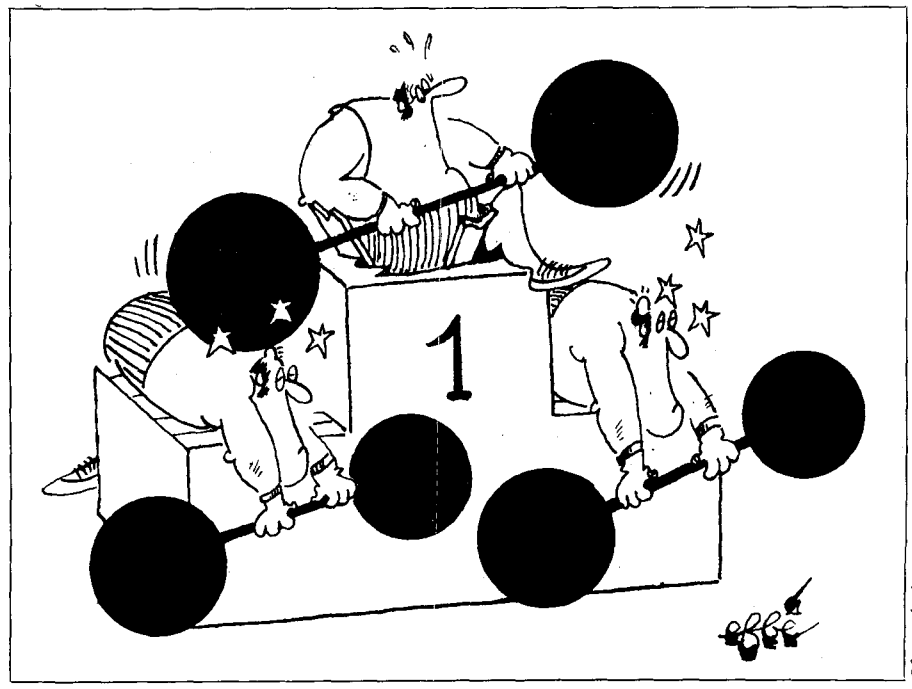
"Well! Well! Well!" comes a booming voice from within. The door swings open. "Oh frabjous day! Calloo! Callay!"

I got everything wrong but the eyes. They twinkle like mad. But the rest of the man! He's a six-footer, for one thing, and built like an oak. I can't believe he's 82 this year: full head of dark strong hair, with curling grey sideburns. Hush puppies, grey flannel britches, russet jacket, green shirt, and one of those Arizona string ties held together at the neck by a splotch of Navaho silver.

His wife wears a dress I must call electric red, a color I associate with the woman who was with John Dillinger when he was shot, a wonderful color on a New Hampshire hill when there are snow flurries in the neighborhood. The good professor married well: a vivacious bright lady from a family of musicians (her father died only last fall at the age of 102) with a handsome head of hair that could not have turned grey too long ago. As a young lady she taught Sunday school and studied religion, during the summer, at St. Paul's School in Concord, just up the line a bit, under Henry Knox Sherrill, who went on to become the presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church in this country, and whose retirement home adjoins mine at the Berry Patch.

We sit in what used to be the schoolroom and is still dominated if not quite bisected by a chimney where the old potbelly stove stood. Dorothy offers sherry, gin, and other Roman antiquities. There are salted nuts and a tasty cheese dip, "low-fat," says Dorothy. "Fred has to watch . . ." "We do too," says Ada. The room is filled with mementos, objets d'art, photos, potted plants in midair, something to tweak the noodle wherever the eye alights. Over the piano hang two large framed pages of music in the old notation, with Latin verses. "Those are real," says Dorothy; "thirteenth century."

But where are the books? After all, here is the man whose *Latin: An Introductory Course Based on Ancient Authors* has almost singlehandedly revived classical studies both here and abroad (it is even used in many English universities) and whose *Latin Literature: A Book of Readings* bespeaks an acquaintance with the whole range of European culture, moving from classical Rome through the Vulgate, Bede, Caedmon, the *Gesta Romanorum*, to several renowned poems from the *Carmina Burana*. "When we moved here," says Dorothy, "we unpacked three kinds of books—the cookbooks, the gardening books, the how-to books; everything else is still in boxes up there" (and she gestures toward the ceiling). "Fred's great passions are woodworking and gardening; every inch of this place we have worked on ourselves. Out front it was just a schoolyard. We planted the evergreen screen and the foundation plantings. Fred tore out the wall under that beam up there and made the dining room using some genuine old beams we found at the town dump. They had an outhouse, of course, a two-room affair, one for boys,



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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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one for girls. Fred converted that. It's now our little red tool house."

Dorothy loves to cook, and lunch shows it: bay scallops and croutons on scallop shells, green peas from last year's garden, miniature croissants, an excellent Chablis, salad of grapefruit sections and avocado slices on Bibb lettuce (or Boston?) with fresh alfalfa sprouts grown on the premises, a dessert of Ozark pudding made with her own apples last fall ("Bess Truman's recipe," says Dorothy) and frozen; tea, coffee, and a conversation spanning continents and millennia.

Fred tells, with delight, of a whole class whose students wrote to him to say why they liked his Latin text. "One girl said she liked it because it gave her something to *think* about. That's *exactly* right! I spent 12 years on that book and that's *exactly* what I had in mind. These young people are a whole lot smarter than we give 'em credit for. They should *never* be talked down to. That's why the *sententiae antiquae* open up philosophical and religious questions. They're *interested* in those matters!"

The Wheelocks take delight, too, in their grandchildren and in their daughters, who produce documentary films on the lives of eminent women (Kate Chopin, Edna Millay, Madeleine L'Engle). Martha has finished her doctoral dissertation on May Sarton and will be "thrilled" to learn that I took a course under May's father at Harvard. "There are a lot of good young people coming along," says Fred. "It's the bad news that makes the headlines. I don't even think Rome was all that bad under Nero and Caligula. I gave a course in epigraphy once and we covered the inscriptions on tombstones. Time and again we'd find the story of a life well lived even in those times—Gaius, it will say, husband of so-and-so for 45 years, loving father, and so on. Even allowing for a little sprucing up of the reputations of the departed, there's a *large kernel of truth* there."

We discuss Mario Pei's thesis of the "miracle" of Latin, that it was the language and the culture that survived the conquests to become adopted by the conquerors. "Perhaps that's another hint that the people were not all corrupt, for the Franks and the Visigoths and the Longobardi must have admired the people whom they overran, must have wanted to be like them."

It is four o'clock when we rise from table and say our adieux. Ada takes a snapshot of us three on the front stoop, and before long we are shouting valedictions in six languages across the old schoolyard as we fire up the little Japanese car and toot its horn in farewell. There they stand under their maples, two goodly parts of the ongoing miracle of a lively language now in its third millennium and gaining strength. And so they take joy in the young, and plant trees.

As soon as I get home, I write driving instructions for the Wheelocks and send them off under the title, "How to Find the Berry Patch with Both Hands." I can hear Fred's laugh already. □

The Gentleman's Light-Bulb Jokes

Q: *How many social scientists does it take to change a light bulb?*
A: They do not change light bulbs. They search for the root causes of why the last one went out.

Q: *How many liberals does it take to change a light bulb?*
A: Nearly unanswerable. The one who tries to change it usually drops it, and the others call for negotiations.

Q: *How many conservatives does it take to change a light bulb?*
A: One; after reflecting sadly in the twilight for a while upon the excellence of the last one.

Q: *How many libertarians does it take to change a light bulb?*
A: Libertarians never change light bulbs, because someone might enter the room who wants to sit in the dark.

Q: *How many modern artists does it take to change a light bulb?*
A: Four; one to throw bulbs against the wall, one to pile hundreds of them into a heap and spray-paint it orange, one to glue 14 bulbs to a cocker spaniel, and one to put a bulb into the socket and fill the room with light while all the critics and buyers are watching the fellow smashing the bulbs against the wall, the fellow with the spray-gun, and the cocker spaniel (what goes clink-clink-clink, ow-woooo?).

Q: *How many persons from the gay community does it take to change a light bulb?*
A: Unanswerable. They always try to screw it in the wrong way, as a matter of preference.

Q: *How many union members does it take to change a light bulb?*
A: What, are you kidding me?

Q: *How many contributors to* The New Republic *does it take to change a light bulb?*
A: Eleven. One to change it, five to agonize over it, and five to express indignation.

Q: *How many contributors to* NATIONAL REVIEW *does it take to change a light bulb?*
A: Two. One to change it, and one to write an appreciation.

Q: *How many Poles does it take to change a light bulb?*
A: Just one—if he is allowed to emigrate to Chicago.

—FORREST GROVE

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ARCHBISHOP, GOVERNOR, & VEEP

RELIGIOUS PEOPLE in America have often been passionate about politics—from the Pilgrims, to the abolitionists, to the Temperance Unions (white with foam). God blesses America through liberty and law.

Liberty and law don't always go together comfortably, however. One thing abolitionists and Temperance Unions certainly were not is pro-choice. The abolitionists and today's pro-life movement embody the same principle: to extend constitutional rights to human beings not currently protected by the law. Pro-life is pro-choice for infants.

Abraham Lincoln did not tell Stephen Douglas, "Personally, I'm opposed to slavery, but I don't want to impose my views on others." Between holding private moral convictions and upholding existing law there are other imperatives. It is not morally necessary to encode every moral principle in public law. But one can, as Lincoln did, argue, debate, persuade, lead, and try democratically to modify the law. Laws are conceived in thought, and delivered through labor; they are not brought by the stork. On abortion, a good many political leaders are doing nothing—or worse.

On June 24 the doughty Archbishop John J. O'Connor of New York said on television: "I do not see how a Catholic in conscience could vote for an individual *explicitly* expressing himself or herself as *favoring* abortion" (my italics). On August 2, Governor Cuomo over-interpreted this opinion: "Now you have the archbishop of New York saying that no Catholic can vote for Ed Koch, no Catholic can vote for Jay Goldin, for Carol Bellamy, nor for Pat Moynihan or Mario Cuomo—anybody who disagrees with him on abortion."

On August 3, Archbishop O'Connor blew the whistle on this tactical misinterpretation, saying, "It is neither my responsibility nor my desire to evaluate the qualifications of any individual of any political party for any public office, or of any individual holding public office." The governor said next day that he was "delighted" with this "clarification."

He should not have been. There is, as I say, another step between "personally, I'm opposed to abortion" and "but I must uphold the law permitting abortions." That step is argument, public advocacy, persuasion, the slow creation of a new majority. This is politically difficult for those Catholics in public office who represent substantial numbers of citizens in favor of abortion. But it is morally helpful.

And there is at least one thing such public officials should *not* do: viz., "*explicitly support* abortion" (to use the media's paraphrase of the archbishop). They may uphold the present public law, as they have sworn to do, but they do not have to take money from pro-abortion groups, give assistance to such groups, lend their names and leadership to such groups.

Living in a pluralistic society, respecting the consciences of others, is extremely difficult for all of us. Archbishop O'Connor is on solid ground in a) announcing Catholic *principles*; b) refusing to evaluate *particular* candidates or parties; c) calling attention to the difference between merely upholding a law and "explicitly favoring" the practice of abortion; and d) (implicitly) urging Catholic political leaders to show some integrity and gumption by making a strong, public, intellectual case for their convictions.

Still, the archbishop was wrong when, surprised by a question about potential excommunication, he did not forcefully set that heavy issue aside. Leaders of good will are tormented by the complexities of their responsibilities; their families, seeing the archbishop hesitate here, must have suffered too much.

Erring on the other side, meanwhile, Governor Cuomo incited vice presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro to attack President Reagan's appeal to Christian principles, on the grounds that, as a woman, she could "get away with it." Then he himself explicitly backed away. "I'm not taking issue with [the President's] Christianity," he told a puzzled group of reporters in Washington on August 3. "I say exactly the opposite. I say you ought not to take issue with it."

"But you're saying his policies are un-Christian, aren't you?" Cuomo was asked.

"No, no, no," he replied. "That was Geraldine Ferraro."

"Do you agree with that or not?" he was asked.

"Cuomo avoided a direct answer," the *Washington Post* reports. His "indirect" answer dissolved into mush. He said most Christians assume that "aggressive and affirmative compassion" is "at the base of their religion," and so do "Sikhs," "most Jews," "anybody who's read Maimonides or Buddha, the Hindus, the ethical humanists, the Christian Scientists, and every Protestant sect I'm aware of, with the exception of maybe two, which I don't want to name because then I'm really in trouble . . ."

I admire Mario Cuomo, but not this reply.

ON AUGUST 9, the U.S. Catholic bishops rejected as "logically untenable" the idea that political leaders (or citizens) can divorce their "personal views" from "their policy decisions." All citizens should "join the public-policy debate in a way which attempts to convince others of the rightness" of their positions.

There is a danger to democracy in high-decibel debate about moral matters. There is also a danger in separating morality from politics. Against both dangers, the prescription is: many daily doses of humility and civility. □

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MORE MEN LIKE HER

Joseph Sobran

Margaret Thatcher: A Personal and Political Biography, by Russell Lewis (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 240 pp., $15)

MARGARET THATCHER is not what the feminists had in mind. The "women's movement" (as the media call it) is essentially the ladies' auxiliary of the Left: It hates women of the Right, and therefore has cut itself off from the two women of real stature in American politics, Jeane Kirkpatrick and Phyllis Schlafly. It prefers underachievers who maintain a proper orthodoxy, like Dianne Feinstein.

"She is certainly the most powerful and formidable Prime Minister since Churchill," says Mrs. Thatcher's biographer, Russell Lewis, an editorial writer for the London *Daily Mail*. In her rise to power, her sex was no more than a minor handicap, one she never tried to turn into an advantage: She saves most of her charm for private life. Her accession to Number 10 Downing was probably attended by less silly fuss and self-congratulation than our *nomination* of a woman for *Vice* President, since the English don't apply words like "revolutionary" to incremental changes and new detergents.

In one respect it may be that her sex does subtly help her. Aside from her power of intellectual concentration on practical matters, her most remarkable quality, it seems to me, is her moral confidence in so-called "middle-class values." I have a hunch a man in her place would be forced to be a trifle apologetic about them. But male politicians who accuse Mrs. Thatcher of despising the weak sound a little implausible.

Margaret Roberts Thatcher comes from the enterprising Protestant middle class to which England owes so much of its prosperity. So much has been said against this class, by Left and Right alike, that its virtues have been forgotten, with sad results. But when you attack the middle class, you are talking about Mrs. Thatcher's home, and she is ready to answer. A stunning debater, she absorbs mountains of facts and flings them at her enemies. Unlike most Tories, she concedes not an inch of moral ground to the Left.

Her father, Alfred Roberts, was a grocer, a mayor, a devout Methodist lay preacher, and an omnivorous reader. Lewis notes: "Like many self-educated men he had a certain do-it-yourself incisiveness, and, from all accounts, an unusual capacity for getting to an argument's heart—qualities which he seems to have passed on to his younger daughter, Margaret." A relentless self-improver, she took piano and elocution lessons and won entrance to Oxford, where her native strength of character probably gave her some immunity to class snobbery and misogyny. She studied chemistry and got into politics.

As a young MP, she appealed unabashedly to the old middle-class values while Tory men were wimping out. Lewis sums up the general state of things when Labour came to power in 1964: "When it came to promising what they would do with taxpayers' money the Socialists, who did not think the taxpayer had any right to the money in the first place, could always outbid the Conservatives, who were still weighed down by scruples and some lingering impulse to practice the principles of sound finance." Sounds familiar. In this demoralizing situation Mrs. Thatcher met the Left head on with blazing arguments that made a direct appeal to a deep vein of middle-class virtue, particularly in women. She attacked "spongers" and said bluntly: "We must recognize certain groups of people who need help, but the rest of us must take responsibility for ourselves, and we must stop being such a subsidized-minded society." Of inflation she said: "It meant that the honest who saved up for old age many years ago had had a rotten deal." Again: "It is not only permissible but praiseworthy to want to benefit your own family by your own efforts."

It was her style to plant her feet on solid moral ground, but she could also scourge with wit. Of one colleague in the House of Commons she said: "He always had a borrowing answer for

M. D. Aeschliman's The Restitution of Man: C. S. Lewis and the Case against Scientism, *has recently gone into its second printing at Eerdmans.*

John Lukacs's most recent book is Outgrowing Democracy: A History of the United States in the Twentieth Century, *published in March by Doubleday.*

Francis Marnell is a practicing attorney in Cincinnati.

Thomas P. McDonnell is the editor of Blaze of Recognition: Daily Meditations from the Writings of Thomas Merton, *published recently by Doubleday.*

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everything. I always felt I could never rival him at the Treasury, because there are four ways of acquiring money, to make it, to earn it, to marry it, and to borrow it. He seems to have experience of all four."

As Shadow Minister of Education, she energized the Tories. One journalist remarked that "the Tories need more men like her." But not all the Tories felt that way. With regard to nationalized industries, Lewis says, "Conservatives were generally frightened of 'putting the clock back' and thus did little more than consolidate successive bouts of nationalization." Margaret Thatcher was all for putting the clock back, thereby showing up the "wets" in her own party as well as enraging the Left. One pro-Labour newspaper called her "the most unpopular woman in Britain."

Nobody hated her more bitterly than Edward Heath, whom she succeeded as Tory leader. After she became Prime Minister, her austerity measures increased her unpopularity—not without reason, as unemployment soared to more than three million. (Her critics include American supply-siders.)

But the "Iron Lady" (a Soviet-coined epithet that caught on) stuck it out with amazing tenacity. It is a truth almost incomprehensible to Americans that you can be highly successful without being well-liked, even in democratic politics. British inflation came down from 21.9 to 4.9 per cent; and Mrs. Thatcher enjoyed respect, if not affection.

Even that changed with the Falklands war. A woman overseeing an overwhelming British victory against a Spanish-speaking aggressor: shades of Elizabeth I and the Spanish Armada! Meanwhile, Tony Benn and the Archbishop of Canterbury were blubbering about the shame of triumph. Mrs. Thatcher was handed a monopoly on patriotism just when patriotism had peaked.

It would have been a propitious time to hold an election, but she scrupulously delayed for nearly a year, thinking it would be cynical to exploit a moment of high sentiment. When the election was held, the Tories won a heavy majority in Commons, though with less than a majority of the popular vote. Perhaps the most impressive fact about the event was that nearly a third of the unemployed voted Tory. Benn lost his seat in the landslide.

With the rout of the Labour Party, socialism in England has become the wave of the past. The question that remains is whether and how its institutionalized gains can be repealed. This will pose the real test for Margaret Thatcher and the Conservative Party. Since Ronald Reagan holds a similar place in recent American political history, the upshot will interest American observers especially.

Lewis admires her, shares her goals, and wishes her well, but, even on the evidence of his briskly written book, Thatcher-style Tories still face heated opposition and inertial resistance. Their record is far from one of unbroken success: "The taxman's share of the national income has risen from 35.3 per cent in 1978-79 to 39.1 per cent in 1983-84," Lewis points out. The big problem is that the trades unions hold the sort of power we used to be warned hysterically against allowing the capitalists to amass.

We will watch with apprehension. It is tempting to feel that a problem Margaret Thatcher can't solve is humanly insoluble. □

TROUSERED APES?

M. D. Aeschliman

Angels, Apes, and Men, by Stanley L. Jaki (Sherwood Sugden, 124 pp., $4.50)

Is God a Creationist? edited by Roland M. Frye (Scribner's, 205 pp., $15.95)

THE IMPERIALISTIC tendency to exalt a partial truth or insight into an exhaustive, exclusive explanatory principle is a permanent intellectual temptation, surrender to which always does violence to truth. In the past the chief culprit was often religion; today it is usually science. Apparently unencumbered by any respect for elementary principles, procedures, and implications of rationality, popularizers of reductive scientific naturalism such as Jacob Bronowski and Carl Sagan are nevertheless given wide and potent publicity in their evangelical endeavors, serving as the St. Pauls and John Wesleys of the scientistic gospel—with far more dubious consequences, to be sure.

Thus in a considered work of his maturity, *The Identity of Man*, Bronowski blandly assures his readers that "man is a part of nature, in the same

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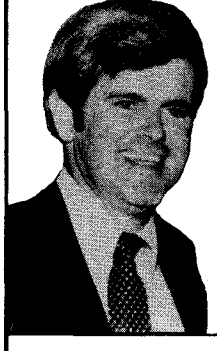

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: *Staying on Top: The Business Case for a National Industrial Strategy* (Random House, $15.95), by Kevin P. Phillips, argues a middle way between free trade and mercantilism. The one thing necessary, Phillips believes, to restore America's international competitiveness is to embrace "business nationalism" by putting American trade under firm political leadership, exercised in part by a Cabinet-level Department of Industry and Trade.

Virginia Spencer Carr's *Dos Passos: A Life* (Doubleday, $24.95) is a solid, detailed biography that attempts to understand not only the novelist but the highly political man who found himself in no-man's land: "too liberal for the conservatives, too conservative for the liberals." . . . *The Life of Jane Austen* (Johns Hopkins, $25), by John Halperin, considers the novelist in her somewhat ambivalent relationship to English society, in which he discovers links to the work itself—six finished novels and one unfinished—where "the rational way of looking at things emerges out of the false, the unreliable point of view so that we, like the characters, receive an education in perception as the novel unfolds."

One Life: An Autobiography (Salem House/Merrimack, $18.95), by Richard E. Leakey, is a fascinating, compelling book by the famous anthropologist, adventurer, and author of two previous works: *Origins* and *The People of the Lake.*

The Essays, Articles, and Reviews of Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown, $37.50), edited by Donat Gallagher, is an indispensable volume for Waugh admirers, embracing a virtually complete collection of the novelist's journalism from age 14 until just before his death in 1966.

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s *Overdrive* is coming out in a paperback edition (Little, Brown, $8.95) with a new, important Introduction by the author. —CW

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sense that a stone is, or a cactus, or a camel." Any rational mind must boggle at this assertion. After all, do cactuses or camels or stones dress up and troop down to the Museum of Natural History to hear eminent scientists lecture? Do they buy and read books by same? Do they dispose themselves to weigh and consider reason, truth, evidence, and validity in argument, and on that basis grant or deny assent to propositions so urged? If so eminent a popularizer as Bronowski evangelizes us with such feckless and obvious self-contradiction, is it any wonder that the common man often mistrusts the local biology teacher's views on evolution? For surely the great A. N. Whitehead was saying nothing very original or abstruse when he noted that "scientific reasoning" itself is and must be "completely dominated by the presupposition that mental functionings are not properly part of nature." That is, if scientific reasoning, or any reasoning, lays *any* claim to validity, it cannot without contradiction also claim that mind and reasoning are "part of nature, in the same sense that a stone is, or a cactus, or a camel." The mind cannot be coherently understood (or *used*) as an "epiphenomenon." It doesn't take an Aristotle to recognize that the proponents of scientific naturalism are always busily sawing off the branch of rationality on which they are sitting and from which they confidently pontificate. But then, as Whitehead said, "scientists animated by the purpose of proving that they are purposeless constitute an interesting subject for study."

These thoughts are aroused by two books on the evolution/Creation Science controversy, in which Biblical literalists and scientistic Darwinists often dramatically hold the stage. The first is by Professor Stanley L. Jaki, an enormously distinguished historian of science (and the subject of a luminous article in these pages by Russell Kirk, May 27, 1983). Only a hundred pages long, Jaki's *Angels, Apes, and Men* is the distillation of a lifetime of profound learning; it is a magisterial book that by its sure and eloquent command of scientific history and philosophical rationality joins what errant and transgressive minds too often put asunder, the worlds of matter and mind, of physics and metaphysics, of science and religion.

It is a tonic work for all extremists and idiosyncrats: for the literalists, with their fearful fideistic Biblicism and their mistrust of reason and scientific method; and even more for scientistic Darwinists, with their materialistic arrogance, their mutilated conception of reason, and their willful reductionism. Of these two parties of extremists, Jaki is more worried by the Darwinians than by the Creationists. "Whatever the discredit," he writes, brought by the Creationists "on Biblical revelation no less than on science, they deserve credit" for not having surrendered, like most mainstream Christians, to "sugar-coated versions of Darwinism, as if Darwin would countenance an evolutionary theory in which natural selection is not the ultimate explanatory device for everything, including mental reality." Creationists, he writes, "are still willing to make a stand on behalf of creation as the ultimate ground of man's existence," and this stand "has in it something of the posture of a Socrates ready to pay the highest price in defense of his conscience and its abiding purpose in the belief that individual conscience will live for eternity."

In addition, the willful, ostentatious contempt for elementary standards of rational consistency on the part of Darwinian fundamentalists justifies the suspicions that were voiced 25 years ago in the introduction to a centennial edition of *The Origin of Species* by the eminent biologist W. R. Thompson. Thompson wrote that "the success of Darwinism was accomplished by a decline in scientific integrity."

In his own time this lack of rational consistency and integrity in Darwin's work was demonstrated by Sedgwick and Martineau, and it has been documented in our time by what Jaki calls a "respectable minority of life scientists," including Pierre Grassé, eminent zoologist and former president of the French Academy of Sciences. It has also been documented by two outstanding scholars who can hardly be accused of being in the Biblicist camp: Jacques Barzun's *Darwin, Marx, and Wagner* and Gertrude Himmelfarb's *Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution* are devastating critiques and exposés of the internal inconsistencies and willful obfuscations that have characterized Darwinism from the beginning. Upon first publication both of these books earned the highest praise. The London *Times Literary Supplement*, for in-

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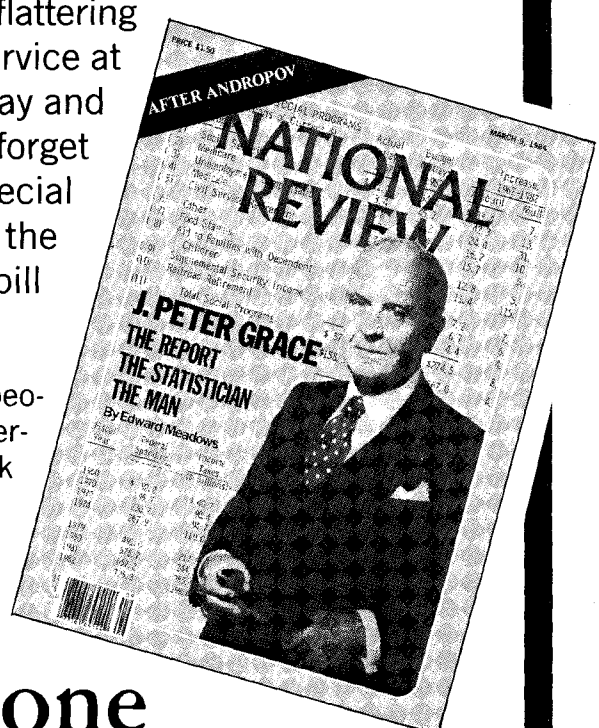

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stance, said of Miss Himmelfarb's "thorough and masterly book" that "no one should presume henceforth to speak on Darwin and Darwinism" who had not read and studied "this authoritative volume." Yet Philip Appleman's Norton Critical Edition of *Darwin*, which reprints numerous modern essays and selections from books on Darwin (including two of Appleman's own), contains no selection from either Barzun or Miss Himmelfarb, and it does not even *mention* Miss Himmelfarb's book in the extensive bibliography. Is it any wonder, then, that plenty of people other than Biblicists are suspicious of the integrity of Darwinism and of its proponents?

THE ANTHOLOGY *Is God a Creationist?* is subtitled "The Religious Case against Creation Science." In the interests of balance, one very much regrets that the editor focuses on enemies only to his "right," the fundamentalist proponents of Creation Science, though passing reference is often made to that "scientism which is . . . the superstition of the modern age." One is also disappointed that there are no references to such classic background essays as C. S. Lewis's "Is Theology Poetry?" and "The Funeral of a Great Myth," or to such recent discussions as Tom Bethell's "Darwin's Mistake" (*Harper's*, February 1976), not to speak of Jacques Barzun and Gertrude Himmelfarb. After all, at least a beginning bibliography is indispensable in a book on such a complex and momentous issue. The argument did not start yesterday.

Nevertheless, there are some outstanding present-day essays (especially those of Gilkey, Gingerich, and Pope John Paul II), as well as one reprinted from the nineteenth century in which the great botanist Asa Gray points out that "the momentous question of theism or non-theism" ultimately turns upon "issues of philosophy rather than of science." As for the truth of the hallowed philosophical "argument from design," which is at the root of most of the current controversy, return to our own time and listen to the great physicist and mathematician Sir Fred Hoyle:

> A common-sense interpretation of the facts suggests that a superintellect has monkeyed with physics, as well as with chemistry and biology, and that there are no blind forces worth speaking about in nature. The numbers one calculates from the facts seem to me so overwhelming as to put this conclusion almost beyond question. □

AN EDWARDIAN LIFE

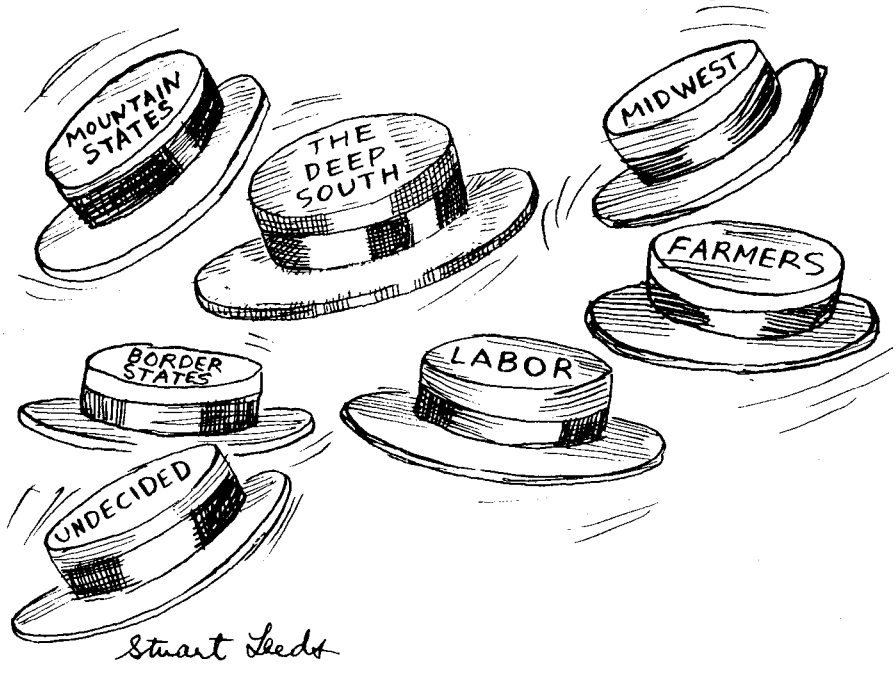
John Lukacs

Vita: A Biography of Vita Sackville-West, by Victoria Glendinning (Knopf, 480 pp., $17.95)

VICTORIA GLENDINNING is an experienced biographer. She has written lives of Edith Sitwell and Elizabeth Bowen and is now writing a biography of Rebecca West, which suggests her enduring interest in the lives of female intellectuals and artists. In *Vita* she had a difficult task, because her subject was a difficult (and unpleasant) woman, despite the fact that she had extraordinary opportunities for an exceptionally pleasant and interesting life. Her self-indulgence, instead of extending, actually reduced the radius of her enjoyment and perhaps even of her imagination. Such was the paradox of her personality. Her biographer faithfully records the unfolding of Vita's life, including her creative activities and her emotional and sexual indulgences; yet Victoria Glendinning does not emphasize this paradox. Perhaps she would not agree that it is a paradox at all.

Vita (née Victoria) Sackville-West was born nine years before Queen Victoria died, but most of her upbringing, as well as the characters and relationships of her parents, was quintessentially Edwardian. She was a child of the high British aristocracy. Her father and her maternal grandfather were both Sackvilles. Her mother was half Spanish, the illegitimate daughter of an Andalusian dancer, perhaps with a touch of Gypsy blood. Her influence on her daughter was stronger than that of her husband. Vita grew up to be intellectual, verbal, and poetic. She married Harold Nicolson in 1913. Both of them were androgynous. Harold had persistent homosexual inclinations; Vita, lesbian relationships. About these inclinations and relationships Harold was very discreet; Vita was highly indiscreet.

Much of this was known to their friends, but the evidence was revealed by their son Nigel in a book entitled *Portrait of a Marriage*, a few years after their deaths. The thesis of the book was that, even though the husband and the wife had fundamentally different sexual (and not only sexual) relationships and practices, nevertheless, because of their high culture and the respect and love they had for each other, this marriage was a success—a small triumph of civilization. I think this emphasis is wrong. It was a success because it was *not* a marriage. The fact that, after the birth of their two sons, Harold and Vita had no physical desire for each other made their relationship easier, not more dif-



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ficult. The title of the book ought to have been *Portrait of an Alliance*.

Of the two, Harold Nicolson was the more interesting: a learned, cultured, sensitive man, a masterly writer and theorist of biography as well as of diplomatic history. Vita was a minor poet, an occasional novelist, endowed with a sense of history and a deep understanding of the roots and traditions of the English language. Her *Edwardians* and her *Knole* deserve our enduring respect. *Pepita*, the book she wrote about her grandmother and her mother immediately after the latter's death, is her most enjoyable book, wonderfully jewelled—not because of her analysis of her mother's character but because of the perfect evocation of the atmosphere and the spirit of those cosmopolitan places and times. Her mother's diaries and papers are now in, of all places, Bloomington, Indiana, where I had the chance of looking at them the other day. Victoria Glendinning ought to have made more of them—they are riotously funny.

Miss Glendinning's writing is clear, unpretentious, and sympathetic to Vita, but not unduly so. Her book displays an even balance of taste and judgment—not an everyday combination. Yet the annotations are hastily done, many of the verbatim quotes have no references, and other references are so brief as to be often useless. This is a pity, because the literary residue of Vita Sackville-West's life is plentiful, and yet the plenitude of this biography does not compare to James Lees-Milne's biography of Nicolson.

However, there is one important exception to this. Miss Glendinning relates a crucial episode in the early married life of Harold and Vita. In October 1917—that dreariest month of World War I—they were invited to a smart houseparty in Knebworth House in Hertfordshire. During that weekend Harold contracted a venereal infection, probably from some homosexual encounter. On his doctor's advice he told Vita about it; her response was generous and forgiving. As her biographer writes, their talk that night went "a very long way to explain his almost superhuman tolerance of her behavior to him in the following three years. For her, the immediate aftermath was complex: She had to rethink her whole marriage and her picture of her husband, of his sexual nature—and her own. She had to recognize a par-

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allel duality in her own nature. . . . The unthinkable, after the first shock, becomes the thing most thought about. It was a turning-point." □

LIMITED EDITION

D. Keith Mano

The Writer's Art, by James J. Kilpatrick (Andrews, McMeel, 254 pp., $14.95)

COUPLE BLOODS were glidin' and wavin' up Eighth Avenue just in front of me. They had a baaad problem: they couldn't explain, it was frustrating, when or where to meet later in the day. Finally one said, "Time, my man, time when you hear the mofo DJ on BLS—when that is, I'm there and you, got me?" An hour was, in this vague way, accounted for, but the true coordinates of place could not be found. "I mean, s--tman, 'round where Ira got over on me, you know, 'round that park where I buy spliff one time from Jaywalk." Place was associated entirely with particular events in the past: uptown-downtown, east-west, street number and sequence held little useful resonance. Since the other hadn't been present at those moments with Ira or Jaywalk, there could be no geographical reference for him. This is the state (albeit extreme and not restricted to black experience) of communication in our culture. I just hope that pair can't locate a voting booth when they reach their majority.

James J. Kilpatrick is aware of all this: the trend gives him spiritual gastritis. His book, however, has been mistitled. It isn't about the writer's art at all: it is a much more limited performance—nearer some elegant copy editor's style sheet. Neither comprehensive enough to help the really inept writer, nor adventurous enough to inspire the good. In fact (and here he betrays his own best house rule) Kilpatrick hasn't identified an audience. Any young Pynchon would consider his advice to be infant banana flakes. The open-enrollment student at CCNY is in need of a more basic and thorough grammar text.

Art, that flash-burn-painful process, doesn't visit often here. You aren't told of reaching and risk: of the delirious, violent search for simile. Proper English usage is precious, yes—especially as a limitation to be broken at the right moment, so that surprise can enter against the constraint of mere correctness. Though Kilpatrick might mention Mailer and Wolfe and Dillard, he doesn't seem all that interested in contemporary creative literature. How, I wonder, would he blue-pencil this splendid and typical sentence from Harold Brodkey: "My father's face, full of noises, is there: it looms: his hidden face: is that you old money-maker?" I daresay Kilpatrick, a magnanimous gentleman, would respect it. But he couldn't tell you how to achieve the effect. Kilpatrick's own style has clarity, good sense, and honestness. In his reportorial mode, Kilpatrick can be graceful as the curves of a violin. But when writing descriptively, imaginatively, he will approach "accurate sentimental." This book doesn't engage the preoccupations of a "creative" writer in 1984. There is more prescription than passion. It might better have been called *The Journalist's Business.*

So we disagree. It isn't unexpected. There are cliques and claques in the literary brotherhood—though I think our differing is more generational than aesthetic. (I, for example, can't take that old wind machine, H. L. Mencken, seriously today. Kilpatrick can.) I also dissent in the matter of authenticity. Kilpatrick says, "The word is this: *Don't fake it.*" Nonsense. My word is: *Fake it well.* For the purposes of fiction or newer journalism, "real" feeling and experience are much over-cited. I once wrote a novel about guerrilla war in Guatemala—and I've never even been to Spanish Harlem, let alone Fort Dix. Whatever else they might have said, critics praised *War Is Heaven!* for realism and local color. Yet, by the Kilpatrick definition, it was a hoax from page one. When writing students tell me, in defense of dull prose, "But it *happened* that way," I say, "Well, don't let it happen again." Shakespeare didn't have the transcript of Mark Antony's funeral oration. He didn't tour Elsinore for atmosphere. Creative literature is all about telling lies persuasively. The novelist doesn't have to feel and experience. He can invent emotion, invent history: for himself first, then for the reader. (Investigative reportage, of course, is another scalp dance entirely.) In creative literature, "Write about what you know" has to be the most dated and crippling maxim around.

Structurally, moreover, this book is rather a damp fuse. Kilpatrick will provide several hundred examples of solecism, misspelling, and gobbledegook: these are hilarious, but they upstage the good prose. There is a longish (seventy-page) glossary of Kilpatrick crotchets: set/sit, fewer/less, complaisant/complacent. All instructive and amusing (I inevitably make my own bed and lay in it) yet better suited to a SAT review outline. By page 148 Kilpatrick is more shell than explosive. I may sound picky here—writing can stir up partisan feeling. Kilpatrick is a man who loves exact, supple style and the hard integrity of English. I, like Hamlet—"woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?"—just want to express my own love as well. □

FICTION

THE HAWAIIAN CONNECTION

Francis Marnell

Democracy, by Joan Didion (Simon & Schuster, 234 pp., $13.95)

JOAN DIDION'S new novel shares its title with a novel by Henry Adams, published in 1880, and shares also with that book the attitude that democracy is not an especially good thing. Neither Adams nor Miss Didion means by questioning the value of democracy to suggest changes in the Constitution; they mean instead to lament certain aspects of the condition of the American people: chiefly, in Miss Didion's view, a certain lack of connection. Her *Democracy* shows us a nation that maintains only fragile ties with its history and institutions and with the rest of the world, and which is governed by persons hypersensitive to the media and oblivious of everyday reality. Present-day American society, as Miss Didion sees it, does not distinguish very well, even on a working basis, between such basic categories as friend and foe, right and wrong, and Americans are disoriented by this incoherence.

Democracy is set largely in Hawaii, a place where Miss Didion has spent a lot of time, and which formerly had a tight set of local gentry, who

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made a considerable number of generally conventional distinctions. From that set comes Inez Christian, the central figure of *Democracy*. While in high school, shortly after World War II, Inez begins an affair with Jack Lovett, a serviceman some twenty years her senior, who later becomes a businessman running an international business of enigmatic nature. Inez continues the affair with Lovett, although mostly in a technically platonic manner, until his death in 1975. Nonetheless, while in college (Sarah Lawrence) she marries Harry Victor, who becomes an attorney for the Securities and Exchange Commission, a congressman, a senator, and in 1972 an unsuccessful but, with the trendy Left, extremely popular presidential candidate.

Harry Victor is a media politician, a self-promoting crusader, a hater of injustice who has a canny familiarity with press deadlines and telegenicity. He is tear-gassed in Chicago in 1968, and on many occasions while he was a congressman he "descended on one tropic capital or another and set about obtaining official assurance that human rights remained inviolate in the developing (USAID Recipient) nation at hand." On one such trip, to Djakarta, Congressman Victor's imperviousness to such data as troops in the doorway and rifle shots outside causes Jack Lovett to comment: "You people really interest me. . . . You don't actually see what's happening in front of you. You don't see it unless you read it. You have to read it in the *New York Times*, then you start talking about it. Give a speech. Call for an investigation. Maybe you can come down here in a year or two, investigate what's happening tonight."

Adlai, the Victors' son, seems ready to follow in his father's footsteps: He talks of writing something for the *New York Times*; he is prepared to celebrate the American evacuation of Saigon as the liberation of that city; he goes to school "in Cambridge," as he likes to say, although not, as his sister Jessica points out, at Harvard. Of Jessica her father says that talking to her is like talking to a UFO. She is a heroin addict with remote connections to the world most of us inhabit. She travels to Saigon in the last days of the American presence there because she has heard it is a good place to get a job. This is not mistaken politics, just mistaken information: Jessica has

hardly any idea what has been going on in Saigon in 1975 when she journeys there.

In her high-school days, Inez Christian apparently liked boys and beer somewhat more than we can imagine her parents approving, but she was not in any deep sense a rebel. As an adult, Inez Victor is very much a lady: polite, collected, attentive to her duties. Why such a woman marries a left-wing politician who advances himself by attacking the world she comes from, and how she raises children so distant from the influences of her youth, are things not explained to us in *Democracy*. The general trend of American society, Miss Didion seems to think, is toward dispersion, isolation, anonymity, the severing of ties, the lowering of standards. To record the fact of so overwhelming a movement, Miss Didion may believe, is sufficient. The existence of powerful centrifugal forces in our society is indisputable; but one may doubt that they are irresistible, and one may desire a description of their mechanism, even a recommendation on how to resist or to accommodate them.

This is the more true as Miss Didion seems to regard disintegration as the fate of our time, but not as a given of human nature. She likes her characters and creates full ones. Even the characters she ridicules are vigorous: Harry Victor pursues a bubble reputation industriously and cleverly; Billy Dillon, Harry's right-hand man, is impressively effective ("Killer mick, Harry always said about Billy Dillon, an accolade"); Dwight Christian, Inez's uncle, is an aggressive businessman. The more sympathetic characters impress us more with integrity than with vigor: Inez, Jack Lovett says, is "one of the most noble" women in his experience; and Lovett himself is a character out of the Old West, the loner riding in from the bleak prairie, straight-backed and laconic.

Miss Didion has a robust view of human nature. She can imagine many good things about many people. She desponds because she believes that the way we live now prevents these things from coming together to create a stable center. A fuller treatment of the social currents that float a man like Harry Victor to prominence would have made *Democracy* a better novel.

But already it is a good novel. *Democracy* is a short book; it accomplishes a great deal in a small space. The chief weakness that may be called technical is a narrator named Joan Didion who crops up in odd places to let us know that a novel is difficult to write. Miss Didion's authorial voice outweighs this sort of drawback. Style, sentence-by-sentence felicity, always has been her strongest point; in *Democracy* she hardly ever slips. In *Democracy*, too, a well-defined theme provides meaty content for her style to communicate. The result, while not a perfect book, is an intelligent and engaging work well worth the reading. □

LOOKING BACK

'THE FATHERS' REMEMBERED

Thomas P. McDonnell

After some 45 years, it is all the more curious that we have not yet fully recognized an authentic masterpiece in the American fiction of this century. It is not necessary to narrow the category and to specify, in this instance, a masterpiece in the fiction of the antebellum South and the ensuing Civil War. Allen Tate's *The Fa-*

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thers (1938) is simply superb enough to stand on its own as one of the notable peaks in the full range of the American novel.

There are any number of reasons why a great work of literature may not be recognized in its own time. These reasons have chiefly to do with such obvious factors as the effectiveness of general marketing, distribution, and publicity; they have also to do with such subtle imponderables as timing and the public taste.

In the case of *The Fathers*, everything seemed to combine for its scanty reputation right from the beginning. It was certainly published to no great fanfare, and it was also unfortunate enough to have been the work of an outstanding intellectual and academician. Americans do not expect or even desire that their novels should be written by people they presume to be self-removed from ordinary life. For every Walker Percy we read several dozen Irwin Shaws and Erica Jongs. As far as timing is concerned, *The Fathers* was published only a couple of years after Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind* had taken the novel-reading public by virtual storm. That novel still stands as the Harlequin-romance version of the Civil War, and it had already obliterated a far better Civil War novel published the same year—Andrew Lytle's *The Long Night*, now long out of print.

Allen Tate was primarily a poet and critic with a reputation solidly established in a field where popular novelists dare not read. Perhaps all he had in common with Margaret Mitchell was that each wrote one novel only, and that novel, in each instance, about the South and the Civil War. Nevertheless, one may still have the impression of Margaret Mitchell as a highly voluble Jane Austen of the South, as far as a potentially whole shelf of work is concerned, whereas Allen Tate's only novel is at once unique, pivotal, and self-contained within the unity of his work.

If *Gone with the Wind* is the Harlequin-romance version of the Civil War, *The Fathers* is its *Hamlet* and arguably its single authentic tragedy. There has been no greater novel of the Civil War written in this century, though it is a novel all the more finely attuned to those ancient and ancestral ghosts that haunted the mind and manners of the South long before the war itself, and which no doubt brought about its inevitable clash of arms with the encroaching powers of the North. It is a novel whose heart and mind and soul are transformed, for better or worse, by that severe alteration of events that moves from familiar order to unknown chaos. In *The Fathers*, we feel much more what is actually at stake than we ever could in novels like *Gone with the Wind* or even in Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*, with its absence of the Southern sensibility as such, or in those notable re-creations of Civil War battle fiction that are still being written, for instance, by the historian Shelby Foote in *Shiloh* and by the journalist Tom Wicker in *Unto This Hour*. What the poet Allen Tate had deeply perceived, which apparently the others had not, is that the South was bound to suffer great change come Fort Sumter or not.

It is a matter of passing perplexity that *The Fathers* has not yet been dramatized into the fine film it could no doubt become in the right hands. There are such colorful scenes as the Southern "tournament of chivalry," which is a throwback to the joustings of medieval knighthood as well as an extension into the New World of the European sense of class and privilege. There are dastardly murders and the most subtle portrayals of the relationship between owners and slaves or bonded family servants.

The Fathers has one of the memorable opening paragraphs in American fiction, the first sentences of which commence the recollections of Lacy Gore Buchan, at about 65, on the edge of old age and now sorting out the past mainly in those events that preceded the outbreak of war:

> It was only today as I was walking down Fayette Street toward the river that I got a whiff of salt fish, and I remembered the day I stood at Pleasant Hill, under the dogwood tree. It was late April and the blossoms shot into the air like spray. My mother was dead. Crowds of the connection had arrived the night before; and I had come, a boy of 15, after breakfast, out into the yard.

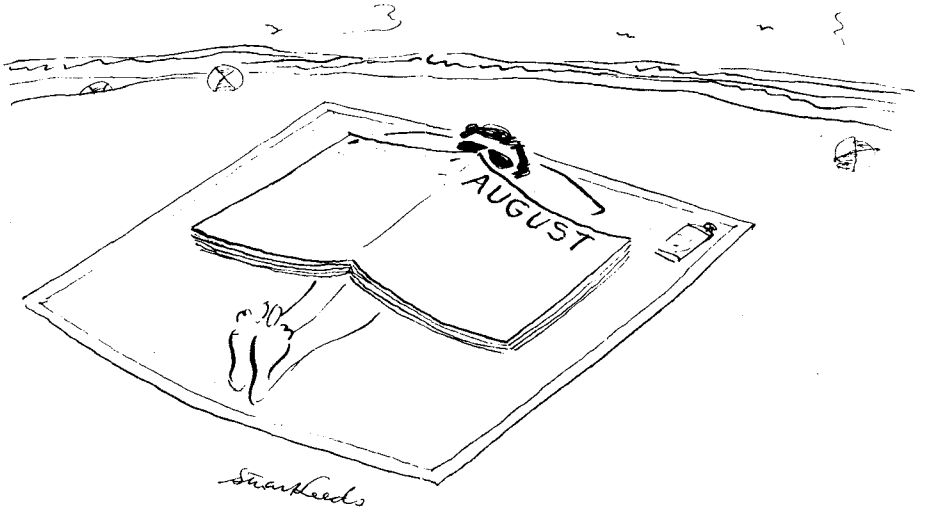
From this point on, the style continues taut and lucid, a marvel of clearly sustained tension and of an order that is all but wholly unrealized in other fictions of the American experience at its severest point of national duress.

And yet Lacy Buchan, now a retired doctor, knew that

> there is not an old man living who can recover the emotions of the past; he can only bring back the objects around which, secretly, the emotions have ordered themselves in memory, and that memory is not what happened in the year 1860 but is rather a few symbols, a voice, a tree, a gun shining on the wall—symbols that will preserve only so much of the old life as they may, in their own mysterious history, consent to bear.

At the outset of the novel the young Lacy will meet the strange and forceful George Posey, who will later marry Lacy's older sister Susan. Lacy worships him as "Brother George" forever after and despite the most untoward consequences. Posey, a deracinated Marylander of Roman Catholic background, becomes indeed the polarizing force of the novel.

The conclusion of *The Fathers* is as exquisitely tense and touching as the beginning, especially as it now stands in the revised edition, from which the present excerpts are taken. (*The Fathers and Other Fiction*, with an intro-



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duction by Thomas Daniel Young, Louisiana State University, 1977.)

It happens also that memory plays a part in what the author of these few notes still clearly recalls of that very keen poet, Allen Tate, now some twenty years ago, at Wellfleet on Cape Cod. I went there on a hot summer day to interview Tate for *Ramparts* magazine, a West Coast literary periodical of then Roman Catholic orientation, before it had radicalized itself to the Far Left and eventual self-destruction. What proves amazing on re-reading that interview, aside from a few embarrassingly imponderable questions that I was young and foolish enough to have asked him, was that the entire dialogue had mainly to do with *The Fathers*, which was not then and never has been a popular novel. But even then I was somehow intuitively haunted by the interior conviction that this was an extremely important work, by a poet who had already lodged a half-dozen permanent poems in the language, and so I wanted to talk with him more about that than anything else, though without understanding exactly why.

Allen Tate was an extremely interesting manifestation of the kind of intellectual we need especially at this time. Though not exactly irreligious, he was never sanctimonious. He had a highly developed moral sense that he everywhere applied to his equally moral sense of history. This was the central dilemma of his life and therefore an anguish of mind as well, and his attempt to find some kind of resolution of it would result in the creation of a few of the great "religious" poems of the century. He was of course more conservative than liberal, in the root sense of the former term, but he was also early convinced that the South had not yet finished going through the catharsis of change that had already been initiated in the antebellum period.

In conclusion, there is an almost overwhelming sense of sadness in *The Fathers*, a sadness both personal and historical, which seems in itself a quality only rarely found in any American fiction of similar historical relevance.

> Is it not something to tell, when a score of people whom I knew and loved, people beyond whose lives I could imagine no other life, either out of violence in themselves or the times, or out of some misery or shame, scattered into the new

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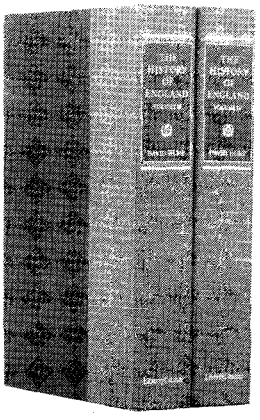

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life of the modern age where they cannot even find themselves? Why cannot life change without tangling the lives of innocent persons? Why do innocent persons cease their innocence and become violent and evil in themselves that such great changes may take place?

At least one commentator had early suggested that the novel's ending was flawed. In 1975, Allen Tate wrote a *caveat lector* for a new edition in which he finessed an exquisitely subtle rewriting of the novel's *dénouement* in such a way as to now give the whole the unity of a work of art. □

TRAVEL

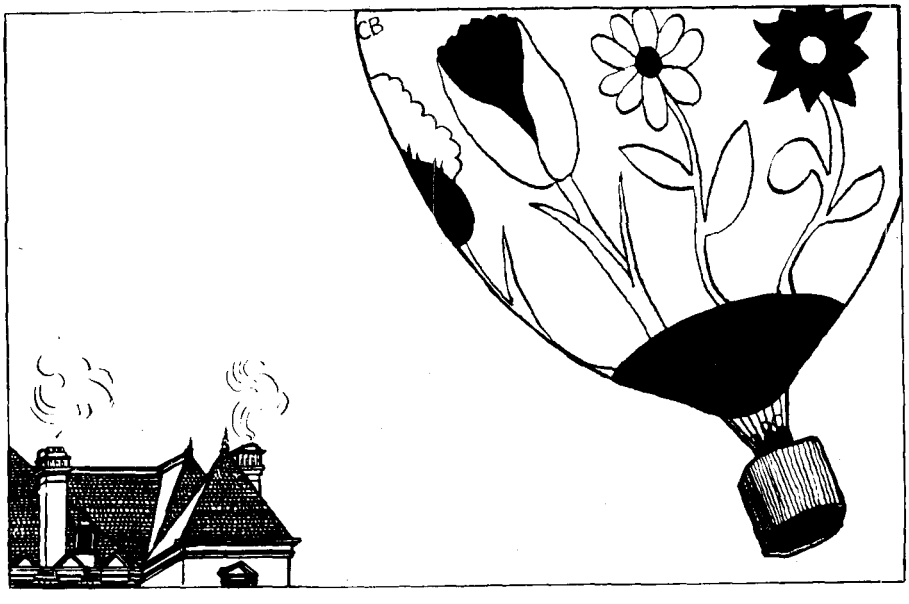
NOUS SOMMES MONTGOLFIERISTES

Priscilla L. Buckley

THE SNAPPY silver flight bags with the sturdy navy straps arrive, prosaically, via UPS. Stamped on their sides is "Buddy Bombard's Great Balloon Adventure." Now it's concrete. Two weeks from today, my sister Jane will be celebrating her sixtieth birthday in the balmy skies of the Château country in France. The trip calls for six full days in the Loire Valley, staying for three nights at the Domaine des Hauts de Loire, near Blois, and another three at the Domaine de Beauvois near Tours. In the mornings there will be unhurried, privately guided tours of the great châteaux, followed by exquisite leisurely lunches with the best wines the area can offer. Then each evening we will fly our *montgolfières*, which is what the French call hot-air balloons, after the brothers Montgolfier (Jacques Etienne and Joseph Michel), who built and flew the first balloon two hundred years ago. (And when was the last time you flew a *wright*?) The trip, I'll confess right now, is furiously expensive, and worth every penny.

Two grey vans pick up nine members of our party in front of the Crillon in Paris one bright June morning. Gerard and Irène Brant, who live in Geneva, will meet us at the Domaine. The hotel is small, set in a park complete with pond and swans, and understatedly elegant. We have a welcoming Royal Kir (champagne and cassis) on the terrace, and then lunch—but not, on this trip, ever, a quick lunch. It's nouvelle cuisine, served under the trees at tables for four: cold fresh salmon, gigot, cheese, *fraises des bois* in a light custard, cookies, coffee, chocolates. The wines are a Sancerre and a Montlouis. Glasses stay filled unless one objects—vehemently.

Just about then Buddy arrives. He was not expected. He comes in, gives Jane and me a big *abrazo*—he's an old friend—greets the rest of the party, tells us he will fly us tonight, and answers dozens of questions about his operation. Buddy's been in the tourist ballooning business in Europe for eight years now (The Bombard Society, 6727 Curran Street, McLean, Va. 22101) and he runs three- and six-day trips all summer long in Burgundy and the Loire, and six-day trips in the fall in Austria, near Salzburg. He now owns 25 balloons, all specially designed for comfort and pleasure. The *montgolfière* we will board tonight is nine stories high and holds 160,000 cubic feet of (hot) air. It's equipped with what Buddy calls a "turning window," an arrangement of flaps that permits the pilot to rotate the balloon itself, and the basket attached to it, around the column of hot air that holds the whole thing up. This makes for variety. One moment you are looking ahead at a little village in the distance, the next moment looking back at the river you've just crossed. Buddy has also developed a "cow burner" that heats the balloon with liquid propane instead of propane gas, a procedure that considerably lowers the decibel count. This keeps cattle from stampeding and sometimes breaking legs, which farmers don't like and Buddy finds expensive. The woven wicker basket has six toeholds that are immensely helpful in the often ungainly business of getting aboard in a hurry. Especially if you are ladies of a certain age.



The best time to fly is in the two hours before sunset, so at 6:30 that evening we take off for the Château de Fresne, owned by the Marquis de Brante. We sip champagne on the front steps as the boys in the chase vans—the Redshirts, we call them, from the red shirts they wear with their khakis—unload the two baskets from the trailers and stretch the balloons out in a long straight line in the courtyard.

Buddy has told us that there isn't a farmer in Burgundy—or the world—so crusty as to resent the descent into his field of a baby-blue balloon festooned with tulips, daffodils, and butterflies. And we see what he means as the powerful fans blow air into the balloons and they start to undulate and sway. Jane lights her last cigarette. "Don't smoke in a balloon," is the rule. "The ash you drop may be yourself." The heater is lit, and now the propane flame whooshes into the balloon, heating the air, and it starts slowly to rise. We crowd around, because when the time comes and *it* is ready to go, it is going to go, and you'd better be aboard or it's *à demain*.

The balloons lift off in unison. We fly over the château and the outbuildings—stables, dovecote, orangerie. It's a quiet evening, a light breeze, and soon Buddy puts down on a country

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lane within three feet of a parked car, the driver of which has more confidence in our pilot than, at that moment, his jolly crew has. We will know better two nights later when, in a tight situation, with the light fading and a scarcity of places to land, Michel, our French pilot, orders us to get out in a hurry. Which we do. Our basket is turned on its side. And Buddy lands his balloon on it, right bloody-smack on it.

Tonight an old farmer, suspenders stretched tight across his belly, comes up to the balloon and shakes hands all around. Where have we come from? he wants to know, and where are we going? We answer the first, but can't the second. And we're off again to smiles and waves.

Flying with Michel is something else again. Michel was running a garage 11 years ago when he heard the BAROOM of a *montgolfière* passing overhead. He dropped his tools, got into his car, and that afternoon took his first ballooning lesson. It was, he tells us, "*un coup de foudre*," a lightning bolt. He's been ballooning ever since. He wears a Sherlock Holmes hat, sports a handsome pair of Guardsman mustachios, and favors Baroque music while aloft.

Jane and I are flying with the Atkinson family tonight, and it's a sporty affair. We take off from the Château Seillac. The winds should, with any luck, carry us over Cheverny and a dozen other smaller châteaux in the area. But they don't. We fly at a spanking pace back over the Loire, over the craggy Château de Chaumont, which we have visited this morning, and over the forests to the south. It's a gorgeous flight, but landing will be tough. The air is beautifully clear and crisp. Over Montrichard the sky turns red. The sunset works its way from red to mauve to translucent lemon, but Michel's not watching it. He's even turned off the Vivaldi. Lots of forests, lots of vineyards—one doesn't land in vineyards—but not a whole lot of handy landing spots at the spanking ten to 12 knots we're going. But the

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

JÓZEF TISCHNER'S *The Spirit of Solidarity* (translated by Marek B. Zaleski and Benjamin Fiore, SJ; Harper & Row, $10.95), seems to me a major document of the dawning post-Marxist age, in which the only "believers" in Marxism-Leninism will be children of all ages in universities, defrocked priests, illiterate dictators of hemp-and-banana republics, and the tanks that roll through Red Square on May 1. Father Tischner is Poland's leading Church spokesman for Solidarity and director of the Institute of Philosophy at the Papal Theology Faculty in Cracow, and this "cycle of reflections" is, in its simple and intellectually unassuming way, a significant work of social philosophy, eloquent, poetic, and touchingly original, written *de profundis* in a spirit of devout hope, which remains prepared nevertheless to endure.

The supreme irony of the Solidarity Congress was of course that it was a Workers' Congress, springing up like a grotesque toadstool bang in the center of a certified socialist republic—a Workers' Paradise. And so it is from a consideration of the idea of work that Father Tischner unfolds his thesis, to produce at last the spare formulation that "The key to an independent Poland is a work about work, the pondering over a work culture." In so doing, he has produced also an explication of the human significance of work and a justification of the economic relationship between man and man that make the writings of "supply-side" popularizers appear trivial, shallow, and materialistic by comparison. "Work," Tischner writes,

> is a particular form of interpersonal conversation that serves to sustain and develop human life. . . . In ordinary conversation people exchange words among themselves . . . From words, sentences are built; from sentences, the entire story. From the exchange of . . . words one person grows to understand another. Working people do something similar. The objects of their exchange are not ordinary words (although this may also happen) but other products of work . . . Just as words are the synthesis of the raw material of the senses (for example, sound) with a meaning, so the product of work is a synthesis of some kind of raw material (for example, clay, ore, or iron) with a meaning (as results of this come pots, hardware, plows). Owing to work, raw material acquires a meaning. The individual meanings of things fuse, overlap, touch, and form the general world of the products of work. Only the one who is capable of grasping the meaning of these products knows how to behave in this world.

Work is therefore a spiritual act, an act of independence and even of self-creation. Itself "an axis of solidarity," it cannot in its ethical implications be considered apart from other values associated with human life—including human dignity, which, by serving it, it also partakes of, and which is inevitably degraded by "senseless work," work which does not create "fruit that is like words." "Work that lies—this is exploitation. Beginning to realize that there is exploitation is like feeling the pain of a lie."

According to the proponents of "closed socialism" exploitation cannot survive nationalization of the means of production. Father Tischner, however, by couching his arguments in the language of "open socialism," holds that the modes of exploitation are various, that they may arise from conditions other than private ownership, and that these must be challenged. Revolution is not primarily a change of rulers or even institutions but "an event in the world of the spirit," founded upon conscience and fidelity, as work is an act of fidelity of one person to another. "Today the core of our cause is fidelity"—fidelity to conscience, to the ideal of the historical Poland. "Choosing the Fatherland today, we also choose this view on Poland. . . . We are no longer the 'popular masses'; we are a part of a nation. Everything that concerns the nation passes through our nerves, hearts, and minds. . . . To be responsible means to be *faithful*."

Carefully, then, Father Tischner comes to the subject of the Church herself, between whose teachings and the precepts of socialism he claims there is a "profound difference" but "no contradiction." And yet: "Whatever we might say about the popes, one thing is certain: The popes know what history is. . . . No one has yet looked at Poland from this point of view and *in such a way* as did John Paul II. . . . [His] vision . . . became a part of the Polish conscience." □

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chase car is close, and close behind it the string of cars and bicycles that have attached themselves to it like a comet's tail.

Michel spots his site. "We're going to put down in that field, past the woods," he points, "by the small deserted farmhouse. Do you remember how to land?" We grab the rope grips and bend our knees as we have been instructed to do. We skid down, out of the skies, low over the trees, over the deserted farmhouse. "Now. Down," says Michel. We crouch down, watching the ground slide past through the toeholds in the side of the basket. We hit, bounce, bounce again, and skid to a stop three feet short of a barbed-wire fence. The chase crew, Colin and Phil, hang on to ropes behind us, heels dug in, trailing, among other things, through clumps of nettles, slowing our forward motion. Michel calls to the crowd, *Alors!* We need help! And soon there are a dozen or more people pulling on the ropes. The four Atkinsons get out at Michel's order, but Jane and I stay as ballast (wonder why he chose us). A blast of the burner and we lift a bit, away from the dangerous wire, another two blasts and we are safe. The balloon pulls the basket over—a layover, they call it—and Jane and I, flat on our backs for a moment, find slithering out snake-wise easier, on the whole, than climbing out. But less dignified. Michel kisses the ladies on both cheeks, *comme ci*, right cheek, *comme ça*, left cheek, and shakes Jack and Greg's hands. We've covered 25 to thirty kilometers in under two hours.

And so the flights go, each different, with Buddy playing games, brushing through treetops, putting down on the still waters of a lake or pond; or Michel swooping low over a village and calling out to a family having its summer dinner in the garden, "*Bon appétit!*" or, "*O! la belle brune!*" Children waving from attic windows in pajamas and nightgowns: "Where are you going?" they call. And Irène calls back: "Wherever the wind will take us."

"Come back," they say. But we cannot.

The sights and impressions that stay with you. Coming upon a field of scarlet poppies (*coquelicots*) and dancing purple cornflowers at the edge of a gloomy forest. Laughter at the furious geese, eight in a row, heading hastily, indignantly, flat-footedly for shelter. A dozen mallards flying in formation below us—I had never seen them from above. A glimpse on our right of the fairy-tale château of Ussé, which inspired Perrault to write Sleeping Beauty, and of the magnificent three-tiered gardens at Villandry.

A last flight with Michel into the gloaming and a bit past. When last seen, as we floated across the Loire, the chase van was headed hell for leather for the bridge at Saumur, twenty kilometers upstream. We land with the help of the locals and keep the balloon up to guide the Redshirts. In fact it is the light from the flamethrower that they see.

When the balloon is packed up for the night, and everyone has a glass of wine, Michel turns serious and asks Gerard to translate what he is about to say for the non-French-speakers. And, standing in that hayfield in the dark, he recites a poem, a very warm and touching poem that loses nothing in Gerard's hesitating translation. It is moving. The people around us—a rather quiet crowd this evening—applaud. "*Mais ça, c'est joli*," says a young girl. And Michel kisses us all. □

DELECTATIONS

ARCTIC CHARMS

Nika Hazelton

When it is hot in New York, as it is now, I think with longing of North Norway, one of my favorite places on earth. And yet summer above the Arctic Circle is by no means cold, since the sun shines brightly in the extremely clear air; for once, I wore dark glasses to soften the glare. On one of my trips I was inspired to see the very beginning of the Iron Curtain: the border between Norway and the Soviet Union. (The next place where the West and the Soviet Union touch, without satellite nations in between, is a long way away, on the Turkish border.)

Norway and the Soviet Union share a common frontier of some eighty miles in a countryside idyllic with lakes, rivers, small stony mountains, and hills festooned with clusters of birches and aspen. The last town in Norway is Kirkenes: a small, pleasant, civilized place, with a good hotel, nice shops, libraries, and brightly painted wooden houses—very much like a Midwestern town settled by Scandinavians, and, needless to say, spotlessly clean. As in all of North Norway, the town looks amazingly new, with nary a prewar building, which strikes one as very strange if you know that North Norway's history goes back for centuries. What happened was that the Germans destroyed these towns when they retreated in 1944. The Russians liberated Kirkenes in a well-behaved and charitable way in October 1944, and the inhabitants came out of the mines (Kirkenes is a small mining town) where they had hidden to escape the horrors of the German retreat.

I am told by my Norwegian sources that the look of the frontier between the Soviet Union and Norway hasn't changed in the six years or so since I last saw it. A short reindeer fence runs along the border, and in the Pasvik River, which forms one segment of the border, the frontier is represented by buoys in the summer and by poles stuck in the ice in the winter. At the simple crossing, guards and officials on both sides are correct and formal. Each side has a border commissar, and between them the two gentlemen and their small staffs settle and regulate various problems of common interest, such as fishing rights and the straying of reindeer, as well as of hunters and fishermen who cross the border by mistake and get sent back to Norway with a good talking-to and a stiff fine. Some cultural, commercial, and sporting groups go to and fro occasionally, but in general there is little traffic of any sort, and the scene is one of idyllic peace and quiet; a status quo that both sides are desperately anxious to preserve. Except for the occasional border patrol you'd never know that two worlds meet here—very different from the border between the two Germanies, which is heavily fortified and frightening to see.

Whether or not you're fascinated by borders, there is plenty to see in North Norway, and the best way to see it is to take one of the daily Hurtigruten ships that go from Bergen to Kirkenes, around the North Cape. You can go the whole way, or just a short hop; round trip, or sail one way and fly back: Whatever you choose, the experience is invariably delightful. The Hurtigruten service can be best described

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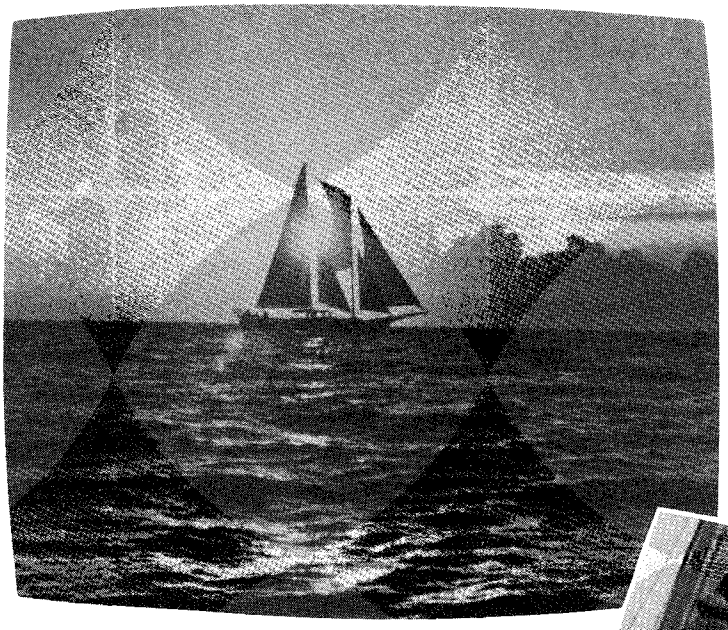

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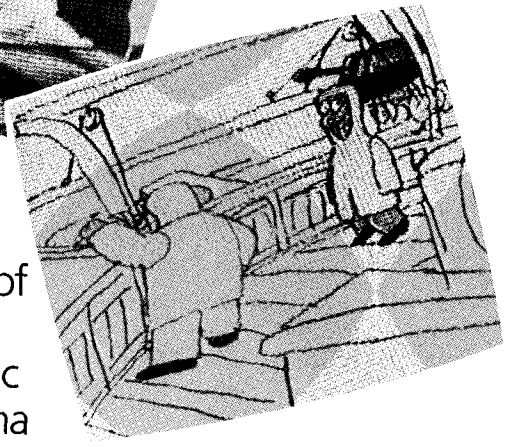

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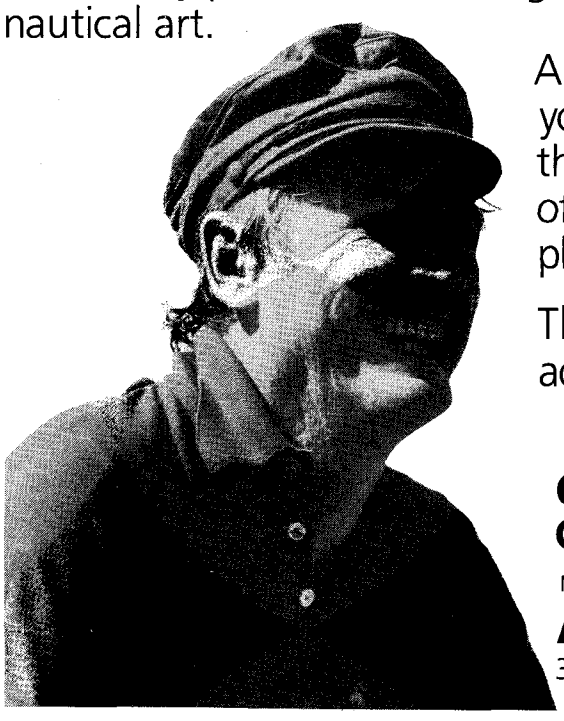

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as an aquatic bus service, since the ships, coming or going, stop at every single coastal settlement. The coastal waters of North Norway never freeze over, because of the warm ocean currents (in fact, the waters are ice-free as far as Murmansk, home of the Soviet Union's Arctic fleet). Hurtigruten is on time every day of the year, and I am sure that the captains of the line would rather commit harakiri than be late on their appointed rounds.

Children go to school via Hurtigruten and housewives to shop, the sick to hospital, and occasionally a dejected prisoner is led to the little prison cell found on every ship (well out of sight, I might say). When the ship stays in a port long enough to load and unload furniture, fish, milk, and all the paraphernalia of civilization, you can go into town to sightsee and mingle with the folks. The children are especially eager to practice their English on the Anglo-Saxon traveler, but everybody is extremely friendly and outgoing. My husband was once treated to an *is*—an ice-cream cone from a stand—by a local policeman eager to learn how New York's police precincts are set up; alas, he emerged from the encounter none the wiser, owing to my husband's indifference to the subject.

Hurtigruten also organizes trips to scenic spots like the North Cape (the main attraction of which, actually, is being able to say that you once stood on that rocky promontory). The cabins are comfortable but not luxurious, the food is good and abundant, the service pleasant. The scenery is great, though not as dramatic as in the fjords of southern Norway, the mountains being much smaller and barer and the coastline flattening out once you get around the North Cape.

The Hurtigruten trip shows what life above the Arctic Circle is like. Even now, when the oil discovered under her northernmost waters has made Norway well-to-do, life still retains a fundamental simplicity, in spite of new roads in the interior bringing in busloads of tourists. For a Hurtigruten trip, call the Bergen Line or ask your travel agent. Accommodations on shipboard are limited and the trip is very popular with Europeans, including the French. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The House of Music: Art in an Era of Institutions, by Samuel Lipman (Godine, 331 pp., $12.95, paper)

"MUSIC IN detail," Samuel Lipman writes in his new book, *The House of Music*, "was hardly Shaw's real strength. He was not, on the most tolerant of assessments, a trained musician. It hardly mattered; there were, after all, established music critics entrenched in English concert life who knew all about music. Shaw knew something much more valuable: He knew what he liked." Much the same can be said in praise of the outstanding music criticism Mr. Lipman has been publishing in *Commentary* and *The New Criterion* for the last few years. Knowing what he likes, Mr. Lipman is unafraid to describe the long-defunct Hollywood Quartet as "perhaps the best string quartet ever to have been assembled in America"; to eulogize Glenn Gould as "the one pianist . . . who seemed to have the ability to say something new and interesting about familiar—and overfamiliar—music"; to dismiss Leonard Bernstein's string-orchestra recording of Beethoven's Opus 131 as "the nightmare of musical alchemy . . . Beethoven at his greatest has been transformed into bad Mahler"; to observe that the music critic B. H. Haggin "brings to the discussion of music and musicians something of the seriousness associated in literature with F. R. Leavis." It isn't necessary to agree with Mr. Lipman (sometimes it isn't even possible) in order to appreciate his plain, direct prose style and his wonderfully forthright opinionizing. *The House of Music* bears the Thomsonian subtitle "Art in an Era of Institutions," suggesting a unity of concept that sometimes seems imposed on the author's material; Mr. Lipman might have done better to emulate the young Norman Podhoretz and boldly declare that his book is really a collection of unrelated magazine essays whose only unity is the subliminal one produced by the impress of a particular mind. No matter. Samuel Lipman is quite possibly the best home-grown American music critic in business today; his first collection, the 1979 *Music after Modernism*, was superbly promising; in *The House of Music*, the promise is realized. TERRY TEACHOUT

The Middle of My Tether: Familiar Essays, by Joseph Epstein (Norton, 250 pp., $14.95)

IF THERE were a truth-in-titling law, Joseph Epstein, who edits *The American Scholar*, would be judged to be in compliance. He is never even *close* to the end of his tether. He is a friendly soul, whose occasional exasperations never boil toward rage or fester into gloom. He is mildly cantankerous at worst—wry and curmudgeonly like your favorite prof. It all stems from his childhood, which, he confesses, was happy. He writes about little things, like fountain pens, moviegoing, juggling, and failures of memory, and bigger ones, like Manhattan (you take it; he's had it), or what he tends to think of as "creeping vulgarity . . . the way Taft Republicans used to think of creeping socialism." (Lauren Bacall and the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies are some of what he has in mind.) Like any good essayist he likes to quote, and if a man's literary gods are to be reckoned as those he quotes most, then his are Proust and Mencken. Strange bookfellows. Chicago, not Paris or Baltimore,

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THE BLUEBERRIES THE RABBITS ATE
THE TOMATOES YOU NEVER PLANTED
THE BREAD N' BUTTER PICKLES THAT THE KIDS STOLE
THE BLACKBERRIES YOU NEVER PICKED
THE WATERMELON THE BIRDS ATE
Stuart Leeds

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is Epstein's home, but some of his best sentences are about New York: "In time everyone in New York does come to look Jewish, including most non-Jews. After a while the horses pulling cabs in Central Park look Jewish; even the eggs benedict come to look Jewish." But for every couple of on-the-spot phrases ("more eye-shadow than a raccoon") there is a joke that comes too easily ("confections of goo and rock that have helped make American dentists among the leading money earners of our time"), or some stillborn neologism like "de-spoused." It is not his style to beat a subject into submission. What he most likes to do is amble amusingly around some of its subtopics. In "Onomastics, You and Me Is Quits" he strolls past nicknames, name-changers, rhyming names, mismatched given and surnames, middle names, middle initials, and aliases. The name of Mr. Epstein's game is pleasant observation, with the occasional little end-run of satisfying induction: "Nothing so improves the appearance as a high opinion of oneself." This last observation comes from a piece on physiognomy, which nimbly carves itself up into bits about noses and make-up and plastic surgery and so on. But if he rightly declares himself against the Keatsian equation of truth and beauty, he predictably refuses to keep climbing to the crux—namely, why we love the beautiful even when we *know* they're no good. Epstein is much easier to sit down to than the grey Russell Baker or the ghastly Andy Rooney, but what keeps him from being a great essayist is that he is finally too familiar. Who *doesn't* dislike talking to someone wearing sunglasses? Who *does* like undelivered mail? Most of the great essayists, like Hazlitt and Lamb, have been just a little crazy around the edges; Mr. Epstein is too mentally healthy to rise above being consistently and pleasingly readable, and so he finally fails E. M. Forster's still useful test for a "round" character—that he be "capable of surprising in a convincing way."

THOMAS MALLON

ROCHE

(Continued from page 32)

the Education Amendments of 1972. After plodding through countless bureaucratic corridors for 12 years, these amendments were finally given their full impact when, last February, all nine Justices of the Supreme Court voted against private, independent education in a case called *Grove City College* v. *Bell*.

The story is a classic example of what Joseph Schumpeter, the great economist, called the inevitable downward trend of twentieth-century democracy: the conquest of the private sector by the public sector.

In the case of Title IX, the disguise was a seemingly reasonable requirement that any college receiving federal assistance sign a "compliance form" pledging that it does not discriminate on the basis of sex. Never mind that this makes college administrators prove their innocence, rather than keeping the burden of proving guilt on government; if a college didn't like those rules, it didn't have to take the federal dollars.

Hillsdale, which had never taken government money *or* practiced discrimination since its founding in 1844, assumed at first that Title IX was irrelevant to it. In the mid-1970s, however, it learned otherwise. Washington warned that to enroll even one student who received federal aid would make the institution as a whole an aid recipient—hence fair game for the compliance forms and costly record-keeping.

THIS READING of the law seemed far-fetched; surely such had not been the intent of Congress. In October 1975, Hillsdale's trustees adopted a resolution declaring the determination of the college, "to the extent of its meager resources and with the help of God, to resist by all legal means this and all other encroachments on its freedom and independence."

For several years Hillsdale College battled on alone. Gradually a few other institutions joined the fight. One of them was Grove City College in Pennsylvania, whose lawyers went to Hillsdale for help and were given lengthy verbatim sections of the legal briefs Hillsdale had already developed. That borrowed legal work has remained central to *Grove City College* v. *Bell* ever since. Hillsdale, meanwhile, had won a qualified victory in the Sixth Circuit Court about the same time Grove City was losing in the Third Circuit, so the final round of litigation bore its name rather than Hillsdale's.

The Supreme Court ruling had two parts, the decoy and the sting. Much has been made of the Court's 6 to 3 decision (the decoy) that federal aid to an institution is "program-specific"—that assistance to one department of a college or university does not trigger the Title IX compliance requirement throughout that institution.

But the sting in the case has gone largely unnoticed. It is the 9 to 0 decision that Congress did intend that schools that enroll government-aided students—even if these schools accept no direct federal assistance—should be defined as "recipient institutions" under Title IX. The decision narrows the range of choice open to Mary Smith and Bill Jones by threatening to eliminate any meaningful distinction between public and private higher education. For a Hillsdale, a Grove City, and others in that vanishing breed of colleges that remain untainted by government handouts (there aren't many of them; why does the government feel so threatened?) this decision gives the regulatory army a beachhead on the campus. Under the "program-specific" doctrine, to be sure, federal intrusion can reach no further than the financial aid offices at present. But legislative emotion or bureaucratic whimsy under a new Administration could sweep away that barrier very quickly, and the rest of the camel would be in the tent.

Mary Smith, Bill Jones, and millions like them in the next generation of college students will face a bleaker future if we don't all work to give them real freedom of choice between government-dominated and independent higher education. Hillsdale is committed to maintaining that freedom, at any price. □

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BRING BACK THE SCARLET LETTER

NEW YORK, AUG. 20

THE PERMISSIVENESS of which modern liberals are so proud turns out, in situation after situation, to usher in circumstances liberals—and others—deplore; and so it is time now to check on our hierarchies and integrate our thinking.

During the past twenty years, erotic and pornographic books and magazines have become universal. It is as easy to buy *Penthouse* as the *Wall Street Journal.*

During the past twenty years, information about birth control has become quite generally available. Moreover, technological achievements, most notably The Pill, have made the control of pregnancies easier. Indeed, the word went out that The Pill in and of itself was the great emancipator of women.

During the past twenty years we have had an organized national war against poverty, to use the martial metaphor so often used. Whereas the military budget, twenty years ago, was twice the size of the welfare budget, now it is the other way around.

Now, what has happened, as a result of all these blessings?

At one level of permissiveness we have rampant homosexuality. This would appear to mean that whereas twenty years ago homosexuals were encouraged in continent behavior, no such self-discipline is any longer a part of the governing ethos. One result of this is a new and fatal disease, AIDS—which torments homosexuals primarily—plus other venereal diseases.

At the level of heterosexual experience, the result has been an extraordinary rise in illegitimate births. Surely, given the abundance, variety, and ubiquitousness of birth-control information, there should flow a sharp diminution in accidental pregnancies. But this didn't happen. In New York City, out-of-wedlock births are one-third of the total. In Harlem, 80 per cent. In Newark, 60 per cent. In Baltimore, 58 per cent.

Well, what about poverty?

In 1965, 17 per cent of Americans were "poor." By equivalent standards, today 15.2 per cent are poor. So the figures would appear to tell us that after the expenditure of perhaps a trillion dollars, the poverty level was reduced by only two percentage points. But then we note that in 1974—ten years ago—the poverty level had sunk to 11 per cent. And the figures are not entirely reliable, given that the poverty census-takers don't count non-monetary forms of income. If these were counted—such things as food stamps, and subsidized housing and medical care—poverty would be cut almost in half, to 8.8 per cent. Still, there are a lot of poor people, when you consider how much money we are spending toward the eradication of poverty.

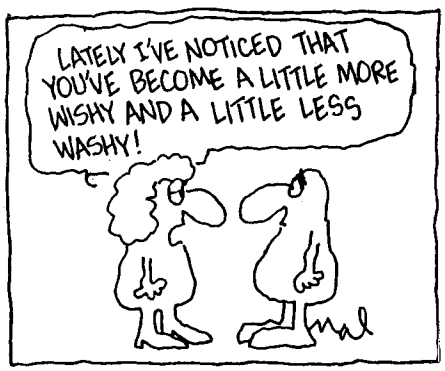
Comes now the integration of these phenomena. Is there a correlation between illegitimate births and poverty? Answer: Yes, there is. If you are illegitimate, you probably will be reared in poverty.

What is it that brought about the twin conditions?

Dr. Sol Blumenthal, the New York City Health Department's director of biostatistics, informs the *New York Times* that the growth in illegitimacy is owing to a shift in society's attitudes toward the idea of having children out of marriage and to the lessened stigma attached to out-of-wedlock children, to quote a story by Joseph Berger. "People who were in that class were once held to ridicule and abuse," Dr. Blumenthal said. But now, "if there is no father around, there's nothing to berate anybody about," because in some neighborhoods a majority of the births are out of wedlock.

And the second reason? Dr. Blumenthal says that—to quote the story—"society has cushioned the blows of having children outside marriage by providing welfare payments and day-care programs."

So let us look the facts in the face, as Walter Mondale and Mrs. Ferraro are not doing, preferring instead to attribute high rates of poverty to Ronald Reagan, whom they may as well get mad at for not having any illegitimate children, proving that he does not have the common touch.



1. Sexual permissiveness has caused a rise in disease and death.

2. Sexual permissiveness has caused a rise in illegitimacy.

3. Illegitimacy has caused a rise in poverty.

4. The general availability of birth-control information has caused a rise in illegitimacy.

5. Liberal approaches to social life have really hit the jackpot: reduced morals, betrayed children, disease, and poverty. Nice going, gang. What's the next welfare trillion going to do for us? □

TIRESOME DEMOCRATIC DISTRACTIONS

NEW YORK, AUG. 22

STUFF IS floating about, on the matter of candidates Mondale and Ferraro, only some of which is she entitled to be "outraged" by. No doubt there are rumors around charging her with the failure of the Continental Illinois National Bank. Well, we must not assume that the rumors are true. Certainly we should give her a greater benefit of any doubt than she tends to give Ronald Reagan. Why? Because we are good Christians. God rest ye merry, gentlemen.

Of course, her critics are not responsible for all the loose talk. We remember, do we not, that she gave as the reason for not listing her husband's assets her exiguous connection with her husband's company. She owned only a single share in that company. But then Mr. Zaccaro owns only two shares. Three shares make up the whole company. "The combined circulation of *Reader's Digest* and NATIONAL REVIEW is 18,100,000 copies" leaves you with the impression that the two journals have roughly nine million readers each, right? Although we didn't exactly say that . . . Does it run in the family?

Not the Ferraro-Zaccaro family, we mean here, but the Mondale-Ferraro-Jackson-Cuomo family, the weakness for the Total Statement, one might call it, even as Mondale declared that Jesse Jackson's speech

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was one of the Greatest Speeches in American History. Mr. Mondale has run into a lot of great people in the course of his career—for instance, the Reverend Jim Jones. You will remember him as the preacher who induced nine hundred people—men, women, and children—to die of Kool-Aid mixed with poison in Guyana, to prove that they could die "like good socialists." Asked for an opinion of Jones some time before Guyana, Vice President Mondale had written, "Knowing of your congregation's deep involvement in the major social and constitutional issues of our country is a great inspiration to me." That Reverend Jones inspired the Carter-Mondale Administration's policies says a lot.

Yes, it appears to be a family habit. For instance, the *New York Times* quoted a conversation between Mondale and Bert Lance just before Mondale named Bert Lance manager of his campaign, which was just before Mondale fired Lance. Lance's young son was present and said to Mondale that he did not want his father involved if Mr. Mondale was not prepared to "stick it out" for Lance. Mondale replied not only affirmatively but exuberantly, going so far as to say that if he did not stick with Lance, he was not showing qualities that entitled him to be President of the United States. A couple of weeks later, under pressure, Mondale dropped Lance. George McGovern was presumably his teacher, since it was George McGovern who announced that he would stick with Senator Eagleton as his running-mate "1,000 per cent." That was a few days before he dumped Eagleton, after it had been established that Mr. Eagleton had been treated for mental illness. The whole episode gave rise to the immortal commentary of Art Buchwald: "The question before the house is: Are we better off with a Vice President who has been treated for mental illness, or with one who hasn't been?"

Mrs. Ferraro wants to get away from taxes, incomplete forms, and dodgy entries and get to the issues, and we should sympathize with that sense of priorities and give the candidate a chance to explain in greater detail than she did at the time how come she backed the Black Caucus budget in preference to that of the majority of the Democrats. That was in April of this year, and when it came to a vote, the House of Representatives voted down the Black-Ferraro budget by 333 to 76. It was a budget that would have repealed Mr. Reagan's income-tax cut for anyone making more than $50,000, instituted a 15 per cent minimum tax on business, repealed indexation, cut defense by more than $200 billion in three years . . . And a great deal more, designed to stimulate faith in a potential Commander-in-Chief.

Now Mrs. Ferraro is a very able polemicist, and knows how to be charming, even coquettish. A feminist with a plunging neckline, as Joe Sobran has put it. When asked by Sam Donaldson whether she thinks Ronald Reagan is dumb, she pauses just long enough to make her answer ("I don't want to get into personal criticisms") an exercise in noble self-restraint. But the big question is whether the American people want one share of the Ferraro enterprise. □

LEARNING HISTORY AT HARVARD

NEW YORK, AUG. 17

THE PRESIDENT of Harvard, Mr. Derek Bok, has replied to a disbelieving alumnus who wanted to know whether it was true that the chairman of the department of history was a Communist. Mr. Bok said, Sure, Professor John Womack is a Communist, much as, oh, Vladimir Nabokov was a lepidopterist. "The fact that he is a Communist is not, of itself, a matter of concern to us so long as he does not seek to indoctrinate his students. I might add that although most Harvard professors are somewhere in the normal Republican-Democratic range of political viewpoints, we do have some faculty members who fall outside this spectrum, being either libertarians or Communists or goodness knows what." I challenge anybody in search of the essence of liberalism to beat that paragraph. Go to Harvard and learn to regard libertarianism and Communism as merely complementary snippets at either end of the political spectrum.

Oh yes, Mr. Bok went on. "May I also say that all American universities subscribe to the tenets of academic freedom, which clearly embody the right of all professors to entertain any political views they choose so long as they carry out their academic duties, without being subject to interference or prejudice on the part of the institution that hires them."

Mr. Bok's memory is short. In the spring of 1953, the Association of American Universities filed a report declaring that Communist Party membership was sufficient cause for dismissal of a faculty member because of the Communist code of conduct. The two chairmen of the committees that filed the report were the presidents of Yale and Princeton. The president of Harvard affirmed the ruling.

That was a hectic season for the president of Harvard, Mr. James Bryant Conant, because he was appointed by President Eisenhower to the post of American High Commissioner for Germany (that was before we graduated to ambassadors), and in the flurry over that appointment it was recalled that Mr. Conant had, the year before, stoutly affirmed that there was no Communist on the faculty of Harvard, neither open nor concealed. The point was raised by his critics that anyone prepared to make a statement that naïve would, in Germany, be less than vigilant in matters of security. And then there were those who thought Mr. Conant's statement disparaging of Harvard, as though it was not an institution worth the Communists' efforts to penetrate.

So that far from being indifferent to whether a member of the faculty was a Communist, a generation ago the president of Harvard was declaring that there were no Communists there, and that if there were, they would be subject to dismissal, given the Communist code of conduct. It is the very beginning of political wisdom to recognize that affiliation with some political movements is not primarily a political act—it is a moral commitment, or rather, an extra-moral commitment. There is no such thing as a Nazi who is also qualified to teach in a community of scholars. Nor is there such a thing as a Communist qualified to teach in a community of scholars. The only thing more anaesthetizing to moral sensibilities than to have a Communist on a faculty of a college is to have as its president someone who cannot penetrate that distinction.

Even then, President Bok wasn't through. "Moreover," he wrote, reassuringly, "knowing Professor Womack, I would be very surprised if he were to abuse his authority by virtue of his political beliefs. He is a conscientious and principled person." It remains to be explained how a principled person associates himself with the doctrines of a slave empire. Would one, for example, term a member of the National Socialist Party "principled" if he stuck to the principle that no Jews in Germany should be left alive?

The vision of a quiet historian attending only to his scholarly pursuits, a Communist merely as an affectation, doesn't quite comport with Professor Womack's public manner. "In politics," he wrote in his 25th-anniversary autobiographical sketch, "as I was ten years ago, so I remain—a Communist. This keeps me busy." One would agree. During the past ten years, Professor Womack must surely have been kept busy justifying such Communist enterprises as genocide in Cambodia, boat people in Vietnam, the invasion of Afghanistan, martial law in Poland, the illegalization of Solidarity, the shooting down of Flight 007. "But I am patient. To everything there is a season, and after centuries of devotion to greed, if the Adolfo, Dior, and Halston fascists don't have us all killed, there will come a world of equality, justice, and comradely care." That man teaches Latin American history at Harvard. Tormented by the threat of the couturier fascists, dreaming of the comradely pleasures in a day in the life of Ivan Denisovich. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

HAVEN BRADFORD GOW:

Separation

William O. Douglas observed that the First Amendment does not say that in every and all respects there shall be a separation of church and state. He noted we are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being.

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A gentleman usher in *Henry VIII*
47 88 78 223 51 153 156 2

B. An oval
87 114 74 93 177 34 144

C. Where the President labors (2 words)
55 6 48 16 98 224 221 31 80 26

D. Street in New York City (with liquor stores?) (2 words)
96 7 36 39 81 109 193 205 63 214 226

E. The American flag (even a new one!) (2 words)
112 230 71 95 216 126 168 183

F. American stronghold in the Pacific (2 words)
53 84 202 29 212 234 61 121 50 136

G. Islands in the Indian Ocean
166 188 85 125 227 120 217 69 150

H. Idiosyncrasy
176 54 79 102 110 115 152 162 201 210 228 21

I. Second-guessers enjoy these, but not necessarily instantly
11 19 37 56 62 122 159

J. State capital where the governor eats Graham crackers
184 38 20 30 46 28 73 24 89 105 117

K. White House attraction (2 words)
92 220 9 135 169 173 97 209 233 45

L. The lowdown on the narcotics racket (2 words)
65 94 111 133 158 170 213 222 137 186

M. A short period (2 words)
225 42 49 52 59 104 35 127 139 181 198

N. There are those who love it (2 words)
129 13 17 27 33 64 76 86 103 146 163 190

O. SIR PAT (anagram)
1 10 91 107 132 179

P. A spiritualistic *medium's* emanation
138 161 130 14 145 182 167 218 195

Q. MY TOOTH CARE (anagram)
164 58 82 108 116 131 151 178 192 219 172

R. Would people who steal these vegetables be bulb snatchers?
180 66 75 40 232 90

S. A strange interlude between wars
206 157 141 174 154 100 70 187 3

T. Our first letter + a small Empire State + *a small number* = a pronoun
215 155 165 231 148 196

U. Lao-tzu's philosophic religion
15 147 200 43 118 4

V. Difficult to be understood
23 142 175 72 199 204

W. Vehicular advertising (2 words)
41 60 99 128 12 140 189 22 207 229 18 25 83

X. What the successful legislative issue was
106 44 123 5 171 211 194 67

Y. Town on Lower Leyte in the Philippines
113 143 185 160 208

Z. I SMOKE (anagram)
119 203 32 68 191 57

* The seat of Adams County, Miss.
197 124 77 149 101 8 134

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 O	2 A	3 S		4 U	5 X	6 C	7 D	8 *	9 K		10 O	11 I	12 W		13 N	14 P
15 U		16 C	17 N	18 W	19 I	20 J	21 H		22 W	23 V		24 J	25 W	26 C		27 N	28 J	29 F	
30 J	31 C	32 Z	33 N	34 B		35 M	36 D		37 I	38 J	39 D		40 R	41 W	42 M	43 U	44 X	45 K	
46 J	47 A	48 C	49 M	50 F		51 A	52 M	53 F		54 H	55 C	56 I	57 Z	58 Q	59 M	60 W	61 F		62 I
63 D	64 N		65 L	66 R	67 X	68 Z	69 G	70 S	71 E	72 V	73 J	74 B	75 R	76 N	77 *	78 A	79 H		80 C
81 D	82 Q	83 W	84 F	85 G	86 N	87 B	88 A	89 J		90 R	91 O	92 K	93 B	94 L	95 E		96 D	97 K	98 C
99 W		100S	101*	102H		103N	104M	105J	106X	107Q	108Q	109D	110H		111L	112E	113Y	114B	
115H	116Q	117J	118U	119Z		120G	121F	122I	123X		124*		125G	126E	127M	128W	129N	130P	131Q
132Q	133L	134*	135K	136F		137L	138P	139M	140W	141S	142V	143Y	144B	145P	146N	147U	148T	149*	150G
151Q	152H	153A	154S	155T	156A	157S	158L		159I	160Y	161P	162H	163N	164Q	165T		166G	167P	168E
169K	170L	171X	172Q		173K	174S	175V	176H	177B	178Q	179Q		180R	181M	182P	183E		184J	185Y
186L		187S	188G	189W	190N		191Z	192Q	193D	194X	195P	196T	197*	198M		199V	200U	201H	202F
203Z	204V	205D	206S		207W	208Y	209K	210H	211X	212F	213L	214D	215T	216E	217G	218P	219Q		220K
221C		222L	223A	224C	225M	226D	227G	228H		229W	230E	231T	232R	233K	234F				

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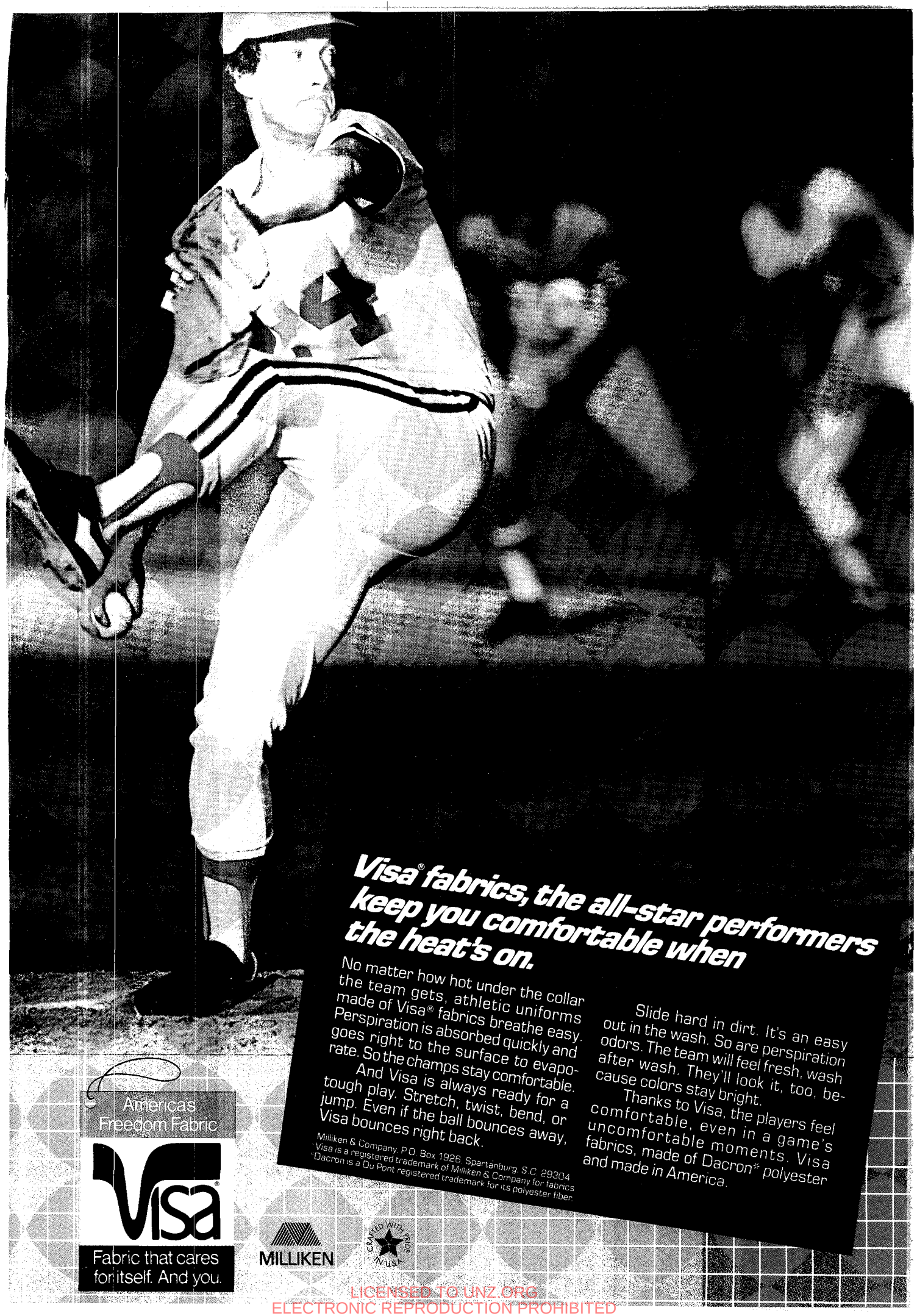

Visa® fabrics, the all-star performers keep you comfortable when the heat's on.

No matter how hot under the collar the team gets, athletic uniforms made of Visa® fabrics breathe easy. Perspiration is absorbed quickly and goes right to the surface to evaporate. So the champs stay comfortable.

And Visa is always ready for a tough play. Stretch, twist, bend, or jump. Even if the ball bounces away, Visa bounces right back.

Slide hard in dirt. It's an easy out in the wash. So are perspiration odors. The team will feel fresh, wash after wash. They'll look it, too, because colors stay bright.

Thanks to Visa, the players feel comfortable, even in a game's uncomfortable moments. Visa fabrics, made of Dacron* polyester and made in America.

Milliken & Company, P.O. Box 1926, Spartanburg, S.C. 29304
Visa is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics
*Dacron is a Du Pont registered trademark for its polyester fiber

America's Freedom Fabric

Visa®

Fabric that cares for itself. And you.

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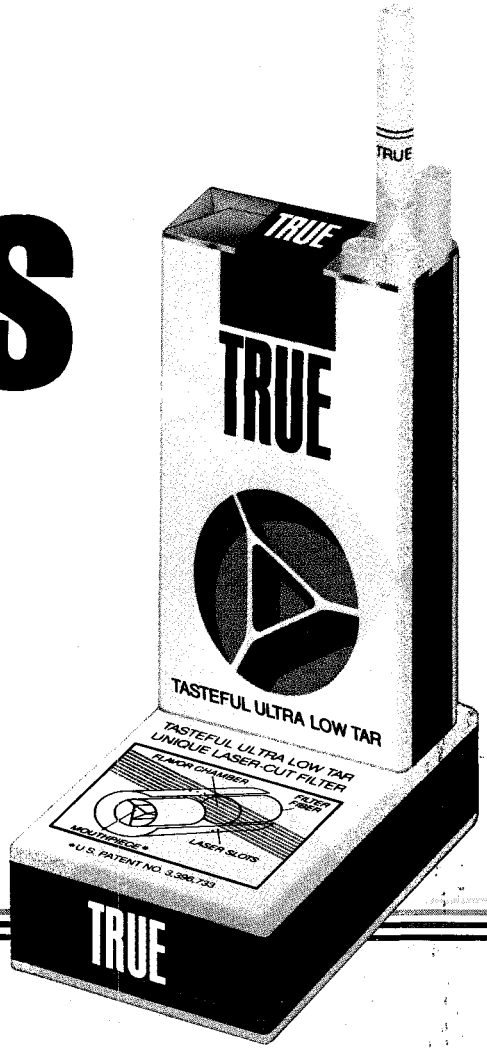
True Upstages Ultras!

Unique Laser Filter System Delivers Taste You Never Had In Ultra Low Tar Before.



Ultra low tar taste you don't have to learn to like. In fact, New True's fuller, richer flavor delivers a taste satisfaction we believe challenges cigarettes containing twice the tar.

It tastes too good to be True.

Filter discovery unique to True. The New Laser-Cut "Flavor-Chamber" Filter. An exclusive filtration system that delivers truly satisfying tobacco enjoyment at only 5 mg. tar.

More tobacco for longer enjoyment. Who doesn't want more of a good thing? That's another New True extra. True's quality tobacco blend is packed with extra tobacco so you can enjoy each cigarette longer. Noticeably longer!

New Breakthrough True. *Why not test it against the only taste that counts? Yours.*

Regular: 4 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

New True BREAKTHROUGH

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